State Library. 903uw05

McKean County Miner.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1904.

NO. 3.

VOL. XLI.

BOB SLEDS RAN OVER HIM.

Seven-Year-Old Boy Seriously Injured Yesterday Afternoon.

LAFRONE TERWILLIGER VICTIM.

Both Runners Pass Over His Abdomen.—He was Going Home from School.

A serious accident, the result of small children catching rides on bobs, happened yesterday afternoon which may result in the death of a bright little boy. The victim was Lafrone, the seven-year-old son of Myron Terwilliger one of the proprietors of the Wright & Terwilliger meat market.

The little fellow and several of his playmates had caught onto Chand Irons' lumber sleds and were riding towards home. Lafrone was on the extreme front of the rig and when they were near the Marvin street bridge the little fellow either fell or was pushed off ahead of the sleds and both runners passed over his abdomen.

Some little children who were walking behind found Lafrone in the road and picked him up and took him to the residence of Andrew McCabe. The father of the child was notified and hurried to the aid of his child and had him taken home.

Dr. Ostrander was summoned and did all he could for the little sufferer. The child is badly bruised and all night he spit blood which indicates that he is injured internally, but the doctor informed us that his injuries, so far as he could see, were not necessarily fatal, but as yet he could not tell what the result would be.

This should be a warning for other children to desist from the practice of "catching bobs." This habit is quite general and every season someone is more or less injured.

Our Lyceum in Case of Fire.

Since the terrible Chicago theatre holocaust the question has often been asked, "What would be the result should the Smethport Lyceum catch fire during an entertainment?" In answer we will say that unless there was a panic everyone could get out without being injured unless the flames spread unusually fast. However, we would suggest that a walk be built from the west exit and that it be thrown open at the end of each performance so that theatregoers will get in the habit of using it.

As this exit now is people would have to jump down about six feet and if a fire broke out and these doors were thrown open, as they undoubtedly would be, many people might be seriously injured and perhaps some killed at this point. Our theatre is much better arranged to clear a crowd in case of fire than most playhouses in towns of this size but the above little improvement would make it perfectly safe.

"The Village Parson."

"The Village Parson," a domestic drama in four acts, will be given at the Lyceum Wednesday evening, January 27. The play has been constructed in a most thorough manner, the plot being strong and exceptionally well conceived. The characters are in the most of an exacting kind and call for clever dramatic work from the members of the company. The piece is a fitting companion to that beautiful drama "Human Hearts," both being under the same ownership. In "The Village Parson the most natural scenes and situations take place and the story is so good and pure that it leaves a lasting and favorable remembrance. Completely staged with scenery absolutely unique in its arrangement, a thoroughly enjoyable performance may be looked forward to.

Purchased Olean Drug Store.

Foster Studholme of Port Allegany has purchased the drug store of James B. Black in Olean and will take possession of the same at once. This is one of the most centrally located and best paying drug stores in Olean and should be a good investment for the new purchaser. Foster Studholme has been in the drug business in Port Allegany with his brother, Gordon, for the past two and a half years, where they have a good business. Previous to that he was in Smethport several years, as well as in Olean for some time, and in each place he has many friends who will wish him success in his new venture.

Gorton's Minstrels.

Genuine minstrelsy is enjoyed by all classes alike, and it is just this kind of minstrelsy that is promised by the management of Gorton's Famous Minstrel company, which will appear at the Lyceum to-morrow (Friday) evening. The company is especially strong in a musical sense, the vocal and instrumental music being of a remarkably high order, while funny comedians, graceful dancers, expert specialists, etc., round out an attractive and enjoyable program.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

One evening last week a horse and cutter belonging to W. S. Oviatt was taken from the shed near the Baptist church where the horse had been tied during evening service. Mr. Oviatt "took the track" and followed on toward Olean, getting a fresh horse every few miles in order to make all possible speed. A short distance this side of Olean he met his property coming towards home, but without a driver. Not having any idea who the thief was, Mr. Oviatt thought it useless to make further search, so he returned home with his horse and cutter. The next day a colored gentleman who has been stopping at Elder Cornforth's for the past few months was "found missing" (so was some of the Elder's wearing apparel) and without doubt he is the individual who took the horse and cutter. We remember hearing on several occasions that this nigger was a Democrat, which accounts for his propensity for "taking things."

Died, in Keating township, McKean county, Pa., at the residence of his son, James A., Deacon James Bond, aged 77 years. On the day previous he and his wife returned from a three months' stay with their son-in-law in Prentiss Vale. After a good night's rest he arose apparently very happy. At family devotion he led in prayer with much feeling. Afterward he walked around taking a view of things about him, then took a seat beside the crib to amuse himself with the babe, of whom he was very fond, when the exclamation: "Ma, see grandpa!" attracted the attention of his daughter-in-law. His head was thrown gently back, his eyes closed as one asleep, his left hand still on the crib, his right on his knee in an easy sitting posture; but life had passed away so easily and beautifully that it did not seem like death, but sweetly falling asleep without a struggle or gasp; and we trust the liberated spirit ascended to those blest mansions prepared for those who love God. Deacon James Bond was born in the town of Chester, Washington county N. Y. He made a public profession of his faith in Christ in the year 1820 by uniting with the Congregational church in Arcade, Wyoming county. Subsequently he removed to Humphrey, Cattaraugus county, where he united with the Presbyterian church at Ellicottville where he was elected Ruling Elder. Afterwards he held the office of Deacon both at Humphrey and at Lafayette, Pa. He was not only honored by the church but by his townsmen who elected him justice of the peace, in which station he had the opportunity by wise counsel to reconcile many at variance without recourse to law. Twenty years since, having satisfied himself that there were valuable deposits of coal in the forests of Lafayette, he disposed of his property and having purchased several hundred acres of land, settled upon it. Here the last years of his life, except the year past, were spent. He exerted all his influence to have the mines developed and the coal brought into market. Capitalists from eastern cities and professional men of high reputation found in him what his neighbors had found—an honest man, incapable of deceiving or misguiding anyone knowingly. They honored him by seeking his counsel and cherishing his confidence. Till the last he took a lively interest in the political affairs of his county, also the improvements of the day. Notwithstanding the infirmities of age which have for years been slowly fastening upon his system he has been kind, patient and cheerful. His bereaved widow, whom he had tenderly cared for during months of suffering, together with his children, while they deeply mourn their loss, are grateful that he was spared so long. His former pastor and friend of forty years' standing, Rev. S. Cowles, attended his funeral in the M. E. church in Smethport and discoursed from that most suitable text—Prov. 13:22—"A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children, and the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just."

C. K. Sartwell has gone to Harrisburg where he has secured a clerkship. Pigeons are warned not to invade this county until after the Legislature adjourns, as "Pard" will not be here to receive them.

Our friend M. L. Armstrong is now the busiest man in town. He is postmaster, telegrapher and jeweler all at the same time. But he is not without an occasional valuable assistant in the person of that gentleman, scholar and prince of good fellows, Doc. O. Hiner! The Doc. is a gentleman of leisure and kindly devotes a portion of his time in assisting Mart as telegraph operator. It is astonishing to see with what rapidity and perfect accuracy he manipulates the key. He reads by sound! We are surprised that the Doc. has not yet been replaced on the stage line. It is doubtful if he can be prevailed upon to accept his old position, yet "every man, woman and child" want to see him holding the reins again.

McKean county paid for keeping prisoners in the western penitentiary in 1869 $56; in 1870 $41.10, and in 1871 $41.10.

FOUND PIN IN APPENDIX.

That was the Result of an Operation on C. L. Willey.

CHANCES FOR RECOVERY ARE GOOD

Operation Performed by Dr. Evan O'N. Kane—Does Not Know When He Swallowed It.

When C. L. Willey was operated on for appendicitis a bent pin was found in his appendix. How long this pin has been in Mr. Willey's system is unknown. He says he cannot remember ever swallowing a pin and it may be that he has carried it ever since he was a little child.

Mention was made of his illness in our last issue and last Friday Dr. Evan O'N. Kane of Kane came to Smethport and assisted by Dr. Hamilton performed the operation which was a success in every way.

The pin had evidently been the primary cause of Mr. Willey's trouble and had caused an unusual amount of inflammation, but he rallied well from the shock of the operation and his chances for recovery are now considered very good, although the case was a very serious one.

Killed Near Mt. Jewett.

Henry Johnson, a Swede who lived with his family near Mt. Jewett was struck by a B., R. & P. passenger engine early last Thursday evening and instantly killed. Johnson had been in Mt. Jewett during the afternoon and towards evening started for home on the B., R. & P. tracks. He was in a cut about one-fourth of a mile beyond the junction of the B., R. & P. and Erie, when he was met by the 6:01 passenger train from Bradford. He was unable to get off the tracks and his body was literally cut to pieces, after being dragged a considerable distance. His head was cut in many places, his back, both legs and one arm were broken and his intestines literally torn from his body.

His remains were picked up and taken to Mt. Jewett where they were prepared for burial and the funeral was held from the Swedish Lutheran church on Sunday. He was 40 years of age, had been a resident of this country for 10 years and leaves a wife and ten children, four of whom are grown up.

An Early Riser.

For an early riser H. C. Wells holds easy honors. The other morning he had to get up at six o'clock to deliver some drugs for an early train and he set his mind on it the night before. He awoke with a start when he heard the clock striking and looked at his watch which told him that it was six. After a few preliminary yawns he dressed himself and started for the store. He met Officer Welch who eyed him suspiciously, but let him pass. He roamed the store and when he looked at the clock, found it was 3:45 so he curled up on some chairs for a short nap and came very near missing his train. The only explanation that can be given is that Harry sees double at an early hour.

"The Village Parson."

"The Village Parson," which has become a great favorite with theatre-goers, will be seen at the Lyceum Wednesday evening, Jan. 27. This play is intensely dramatic in action, and while not overstrained, there are climaxes which keep the interest of the spectators wrought up to the highest point. Many of the passages are very pathetic and there are scenes in which the element of humor predominates. The plot is well defined and as the story ends happily, there are no regrets. The scenic features are well cared for, the carnival scene being especially fine. All of the acts, in fact, are equipped with new and bright scenery. The company is far above the average and a finished production may be looked for.

About Advertising.

Some of the merchants of Smethport have caught the right idea and are using more space than usual at this time when trade is supposed to be at low ebb. These men offer bargains which attract the careful buyer and therefore are doing a large volume of business just at the time when the drone is kicking about dull times. The merchant who cleans up his stock at the latter end of each season by holding reduction sales always has a bright, new stock of goods to show his customers and therefore has the biggest trade the year round.

Steam Cook Your Food.

Eggs and Cereals are much more delicious and digestible when cooked by steam. We keep the Buffalo; it's the best. Holmes & Gilfillan.

A new line of robes and blankets has just arrived at my store. The variety is large and I give the best value for the money. Every article is guaranteed.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Scheme to Catch the Farmer.

A scheme that is catching some farmers is being worked by the Cash Buyers' Union of Chicago and Pope Mercantile Company of St. Louis. The plan is to sell one or more shares of stock at $10 per share and then call the customer "a partner," and make him the following guarantees: First, pay 7 per cent. interest annually on the investment; second, a share of all profits on all business of the firm ranging from 15 to 40 per cent. a year; third, to save 25 per cent. on everything he buys from them; fourth, to give an additional 5 per cent. on all business secured through his partner's (?) influence from his friends and neighbors. Such extravagant claims placed before any intelligent man would seem absurd, but here comes several bankers, advertising and mercantile agencies, such religious newspapers as the Ram's Horn, all kinds of agricultural papers, vouching for their responsibility and readiness to make their claims good. No wonder they trap the unwary. Each of the above co-operative schemers claim to have the "only plan" of the kind. As there are others, their first statement to begin with is untrue. They say that the mail order business is the money maker of the age; that an investment of less than $400,000 paid over $1,000,000 in six years to a Chicago catalogue house. Talk about robbers. This is a sample of the one small percentage of profit they blow so much about. We suppose their supply of shares is inexhaustible. Why not? Who couldn't afford to pay 7 per cent. for a few years on capital they never agree to return and represents really nothing but water and hot air. "Saves 25 per cent. on everything bought from their catalogue." Give anybody else the same chance, let them fix the prices and why not offer 50 per cent., it's easy and sure money. Throw in the 5 per cent. extra, yes, even the 5 per cent. extra commission. Sell on goods at cost, promise an extra 10 per cent. on the total amount of business. What of it? Don't other "get rich quick" concerns advertise impossibilities and find plenty customers? This you say is different? Yes, they go to the farmer, he is prosperous, he hasn't been worked very much on this line. These smooth ducks pat him on the back, "he's one farmer, it's his store," he buys goods at cost, saves 47 per cent. It looks like another ship building trust—better save your dollars.—The National Hardware Bulletin.

An Old Hermit Gone.

Curled up before the hearth of his miserable dugout, August Swanson, an aged hermit, was found dead Sunday on a wild mountain in Potter county. Outside in the snow were tracks of wild animals that had been making efforts to reach the dead body. Inside the hut was the body of the last survivor of the famous colony established by Ole Bull, the violinist, in the town of Oleona. When the colony failed and the castle in the mountains was abandoned Swanson became a hermit. For seven years he was not seen. Then, when discovered he disappeared again, and was not seen for a decade, which ended when his body was found Sunday. During the terrible cold and storm of last week the old man evidently could not get out of his lonely hut. Every article of furniture in the place had been burned, and the body was frozen stiff. Two woodsmen who were tracking a catamount found the hut. So ravenous were the animals which surrounded the place that one of the woodsmen had to remain on guard with his rifle while the other tramped seven miles to the nearest habitation for help.—Oswayo Valley Mail.

Deputy Sheriffs Shot.

A dispatch from Johnstown, Pa., dated Jan. 18, says: Deputy Sheriffs William Bagley, John Long and Robert Saylor and an Italian striker were shot this afternoon in a clash with striking coal miners at Boswell, a Somerset county town, 8 miles from here. To-night Deputy Saylor is lying at the point of death and the Italian who was shot is not expected to recover. No further trouble has followed the rioting to-day, but to be prepared for any emergency Sheriff Coleman has sworn in a large number of deputies and the town is heavily guarded to-night. The rioting to-day was the result of the eviction of the striking miners by the Merchants' Coal Company from company houses, which has been going on for a week.

School Directors' Association.

To the School Directors of McKean County:

An Act of Assembly, approved—April 21, 1903, makes it the duty of each county superintendent to call together, during the school year beginning June, 1903, and annually thereafter all the school directors of the county for the consideration and discussion of questions pertaining to school administration.

You are hereby requested to meet at the court house in Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday, February 2nd, 1904, at 2 p. m.

J. E. MYERS

County Superintendent of Schools.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE DIFFICULTIES ARE SETTLED.

Manufacturers and Employes Make Agreement Saturday Evening.

BOTH FACTORIES MAKING GLASS.

Are Running at Nearly Full Capacity. A Continuous Run Hoped For.

For the two weeks previous to last Saturday the glass business throughout this section, and especially in Smethport, has been in an unsettled condition, but Saturday afternoon all these troubles were settled and both factories are running, with the prospects good that they will continue to run until the end of the season.

Saturday afternoon committees from the Smethport and Camp factories were met by committees from the different branches of the trade organization and after a session lasting several hours a satisfactory agreement was made on condition that the workers in general would accept the agreement made between these committees.

As soon as these committees adjourned a meeting of the workers was called and after the matter was laid before them they accepted the terms made by their committee and the order was given to go to work at midnight Sunday. A few of the men were not satisfied with the agreement and did not go to work, but those who did are largely in the majority and it is expected that the places of those who did not will be filled in a short time.

The running of the factories in Smethport makes a great difference to our merchants and business men and all will unite in hoping that the factories may continue until late in the spring without further trouble.

Mrs. Bechtel on Trial.

Mrs. Catharine Bechtel is on trial at Allentown, Pa., this week on the charge of being an accessory after the fact in the murder of her daughter, Mabel, and the chances are that she will be found guilty. From the testimony brought out it has been shown to the satisfaction of most people that Mabel was killed by her brother "Tom," who killed himself after being arrested.

The evidence for the Commonwealth was finished Tuesday and yesterday the defense was commenced. Unless some strong evidence can be produced it looks rather bad for the mother of the dead girl. However, the fact remains that it will be hard to find a jury that will convict a mother for protecting her son after the crime had been committed and thus she may be acquitted.

"The Village Parson."

The Lyceum Theatre on Wednesday, January 27, will offer "The village Parson" as an attraction. This highly interesting play has been meeting with great success throughout the country and much praise and favorable comment has been lavished upon it. The plot is well constructed and the characters are intelligently conceived and presented in a plausible manner. The play is put on in a complete manner and the scenic, mechanical and light effects are of the best and most modern kind. "The Village Parson" is one of the dramatic hits of the year.

P., S. & N. Passenger Service.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad announces the opening for passenger service that portion of its line between Bolivar and Angelica. This event which has been a desideratum with the patrons of the popular Shawmut for some time past took place on Sunday, December 27th. On this date through train service was established between St. Marys, Pa., and points north to Wayland, N. Y., and Hornellsville, N. Y., making close connections with the D., L. & W. R. R. and the Erie R. R. at the latter points.

Your attention is invited to the train schedule in another column.

C. J. RENWICK,
General Passenger Agent.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 16, 1904:

Miss Grace Dickerson, Mrs. Jane Hendrickson, Chas. McElwee, Albert H. Manke, Robert Mourey 2, Mrs. Wm. Myers, Patrick O'Conner, John R. Smith, Miss Clara Warden. Foreign—M. Antonio fu Giovanni.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Do You Cook?

Then you have to chop things. The Universal Food Chopper is the one. Four knives; wont break.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Get your oysters and clams at Harrington's Restaurant. They are best.

A GREAT BUFFALO STORE.

The William Hengerer Company Will Devote All of its Time in the Future to Retail Merchandise—A New Advertiser.

In 1868 William Hengerer, in connection with the late William G. Bancroft, established a wholesale business for the dry goods store of Buffalo that was then known as Barnes & Bancroft. Later Barnes, Hengerer & Company, which succeeded the firm of Barnes & Bancroft, continued the wholesale business as did The William Hengerer Company, which in turn succeeded Barnes & Hengerer. From a small beginning, the wholesale business increased until it reached nearly three million dollars a year, and The William Hengerer Company sold merchandise in all the Atlantic, Middle and Western States, and had twenty-five traveling men constantly upon the road showing their samples to the retail merchants.

Within the last few months The William Hengerer Company has decided upon a radical change in its business and will devote all of its time and energy to its retail business, both in its present store and in the new Hengerer store, which is now fast nearing completion on the site formerly occupied by the old Tifft House, in the city of Buffalo.

The William Hengerer Company will close out, through its retail department, the entire wholesale stocks, worth close on to three-quarters of a million dollars.

This is without question the greatest clearing sale that has ever taken place in this part of the country, and when one stops to consider that the Hengerer store sells everything for wear and everything for the home, it is easy to realize that every want can be supplied at economy prices.

The Hengerer store is conceded by all to be the largest mercantile establishment between New York and Chicago—it is practically fifty stores in one.

Beginning this week, The Hengerer Company will be frequent advertisers in this paper, and special attention is called to their display advertisement in another column.

The Cold Weather.

Notwithstanding the very severe weather of Tuesday about twenty-five friends and neighbors of Mrs. O. D. Gulliss of Norwich assembled in the evening at her home to help her celebrate her 64th birthday. The good lady was entirely taken by surprise. The evening was spent in a most enjoyable manner with music and games by the younger members of the party. After a dainty luncheon the guests departed at midnight wishing the hostess many returns of the day.

Good Spirits.

Good spirits don't all come from Kentucky. Their main source is the liver—and all the fine spirits ever made in the Blue Grass State could not remedy a bad liver or the hundred and one ill effects it produces. You can't have good spirits and a bad liver at the same time. Your liver must be in fine condition if you would feel buoyant, happy and hopeful, bright of eye, light of step, vigorous and successful in your pursuits. You can put your liver in fine condition by using Green's August Flower—the greatest of all medicines for the liver and stomach and a certain cure for dyspepsia or indigestion. It has been a favorite household remedy for over thirty-five years. August Flower will make your liver healthy and active and thus insure you a liberal supply of "good spirits." Trial size, 25c; regular bottles, 75c. At H. C. Wells'.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given, that the partnership between J. W. Voorhees and John R. McCarty was dissolved on the twelfth day of January A. D. 1904, so far as relates to the said J. W. Voorhees. All debts due to the said partnership are to be paid to, and those due from the same discharged by the said John R. McCarty, at East Smethport, Pa., where the business will be continued by the said John R. McCarty.

JOHN R. MCCARTY,
JOHN W. VOORHEES.

Smethport, Pa., January 13th, 1904.

Mrs. F. B. Lohentaler has decided to start a class in music in Smethport. She is a very efficient teacher who has had a great deal of experience. She now has large classes in Mt. Jewett and other nearby towns. She will teach privately at the home of scholars if desired. For full particulars inquire at this office or address Box 76, Smethport.

College of Music.

$21 pays six weeks instruction and board at the College of Music, Freeburg, Pa. Piano, organ, singing, brass and string instruments taught. Young people as well cared for as at home. Terms begin May 2, June 13 and July 25. For catalogue address Henry B. Meyer.

Have You Tried It?

Others have and found it good. There never was a bad piece of Stransky Enamel Ware found yet.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

For first-class oysters and clams in bulk or served in any style call at Harrington's Restaurant. They are always fresh and the prices are reasonable.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Leave your orders for oysters and clams with N. M. Harrington. He carries the best stock in town and they are always fresh.

REDUCED PRICES FOR JANUARY.

On Saturday last, Jan. 9th 1904, IKE SIMONS of 46-48 Main St., Bradford, Pa, Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher, inaugurated a sale of his entire stock consisting of merchandise for Men's and Boys' wear aggregating upwards of $60,000.00.

This sale will continue during the balance of January, the object being to reduce this stock from $60,000.00 to $30,000.00.

Owing to the fact that Mr. Simons has been in very poor health and has been advised by his physicians to go away and take a needed rest, the absolute necessity of turning part of this immense stock into cash becomes apparent.

Price, the power that loosens the purse strings, combined with the immense assortment found in this house, are brought to bear upon surplus cash and daily wants of the individual living in the territory surrounding the city of Bradford.

It is beyond question advantageous to buy now whatever article of apparel for man or boy that is needed for both present and future wear.

We can assure buyers who come from a distance to trade with us that during this sale we will have plenty of stock. Sizes, varieties of patterns, guaranteeting fit and easy choosing, will be plentiful even when this sale has ended.

The reduced prices include Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats, trousers, Ulsters, Reefers, Working Coats, Rain Coats, Mackintoshes, Waterproof Coats, Underwear, Shirts, Sox, Suspenders, Neckwear, Gloves, Trunks, Valises, Dress Suit Cases, Umbrellas, Hats and Caps.

With the exception of the following goods Earl & Wilson Collars, Dent's and Fownes' Dress Gloves, Dunlap Hats and Overalls which are sold at a price named by the makers, every article in the house is reduced in price to actual cost and some goods will be sold at from 20 to 50 per cent below cost.

Every statement made herewith is absolutely correct, as those who have known Mr. Simons and traded with him for the past seventeen years can vouch for.

"IKE" SIMONS,

46-48 MAIN ST. Big Double Clothing House, BRADFORD, PA.

Boys' Suits.

Former price $1.50—	$ .95
Former price $1.75—now	1.10
Former price $2.00—now	1.35
Former price $2.25—now	1.50
Former price $2.50—now	1.60
Former psice $3.00—now	2.10
Former price $3.50—now	2.05
Former price $4.00—now	2.95
Former price $4.50—now	3.25
Former price $5.00—now	3.75
Former price $6.00—now	4.25
Former price $6.50—now	4.50
Former price $7.00—now	4.95
Former price $7.50—now	5.75
Former price $8.00—now	5.95

Boys' Overcoats.

Former price $3.50—now	$2.65
Former price $4.00—now	2.95
Former price $4.50—now	2.95
Former price $5.00—now	3.65
Former price $6.00—now	4.10
Former price $7.50—now	5.90
Former price $8.50—now	6.25
Former price $10.00—now	7.25
Former price $12.00—now	8.75

Working Coats.

Former price $1.25—Working Coat	$ .95
Former price $1.50—Working Coat	1.15
Former price $2.00—Working Coat	1.45
Former price $2.50—Working Coat	1.85
Former price $3.00—Working Coat	2.10
Former price $4.00—Working Coat	2.95
Former price $5.00—Working Coat	3.65
COATS, SHEEPSKIN LINED:	
Former price $4.00—Working Coat	$3.15
Former price $5.00—Working Coat	4.25
Corduroy Suits for men, former prices $8.00 and $10.00 now	6.50

Men's Trousers.

Former price $1.00—Trousers now	85c
Former price $1.50—Trousers now	$1.20
Former price $2.00—Trousers now	1.45
Former price $2.25—Trousers now	1.75
Former price $2.50—Trousers now	1.90
Former price $3.00—Trousers now	2.25
Former price $3.50—Trousers now	2.75
Former price $4.00—Trousers now	3.00
Former price $4.50—Trousers now	3.25
Former price $5.00—Trousers now	3.50
Former price $6.00—Trousers now	4.50

Boys' Overcoats.

Former price $3.50—Overcoats now	$2.45
Former price $4.00—Overcoats now	2.95
Former price $4.50—Overcoats now	3.25
Former price $5.00—Overcoats now	3.95
Former price $6.00—Overcoats now	3.95
Former price $7.00—Overcoats now	4.90
Former price $7.50—Overcoats now	5.10
Former price $8.00—Overcoats now	5.45

Hats.

$4.00 Soft and Stiff Hats now	$3.00
$3.50 Soft and Stiff Hats now	2.75
$3.00 Soft and Stiff Hats now	2.25
$2.50 Soft and Stiff Hats now	2.00
$2.00 Soft and Stiff Hats now	1.50
$1.50 Soft and Stiff Hats now	1.00
$1.00 Soft and Stiff Hats now	.75

Men's Ulsters.

Former price $15.00—Ulsters now	$10.75
Former price $10.00—Ulsters now	7.75
Former price $ 8.00—Ulsters now	6.25

Men's Reefers.

Former price $7.50—Reefers now	$6.25
Former price $5.00—Reefers now	3.90

Men's Overcoats.

Former price $ 8.00—Overcoats now	$ 5.80
Former price $10.00—Overcoats now	7.95
Former price $12.00—Overcoats now	9.75
Former price $14.00—Overcoats now	10.85
Former price $15.00—Overcoats now	11.25
Former price $18.00—Overcoats now	14.70
Former price $20.00—Overcoats now	14.75
Former price $22.00—Overcoats now	16.90
Former price $25.00—Overcoats now	18.90
Former price $30.00—Overcoats now	21.85
Former price $35.00—Overcoats now	25.75

Men's Suits.

Former price $ 7.50—Men's Suits now	$ 5.75
Former price $ 8.00—Men's Suits now	5.90
Former price $ 9.00—Men's Suits now	6.95
Former price $10.00—Men's Suits now	7.65
Former price $12.00—Men's Suits now	9.75
Former price $13.00—Men's Suits now	9.90
Former price $14.00—Men's Suits now	10.85
Former price $15.00—Men's Suits now	11.25
Former price $16.50—Men's Suits now	12.65
Former price $18.00—Men's Suits now	13.70
Former price $20.00—Men's Suits now	14.75
Former price $22.00—Men's Suits now	16.90
Former price $25.00—Men's Suits now	18.85

Mrs. Thompson's Diamonds

By WILLIS B. HAWKINS

Copyright, 1903, by Willis B. Hawkins

THOMPSON emphatically declared it nonsense, sheer nonsense. He even went so far as to say that his wife's passion for diamonds was wicked. He had almost said vulgar, but that seemed rather too harsh. Mrs. T., however, clung lovingly to his neck and called him pretty names.

"Oh, it is so beautiful!" She was describing a diamond sunburst she had seen at a jeweler's that day. "And the dealer says it is a rare bargain at the price."

"They always say that," Thompson asserted.

"But this one really is. You would say so yourself if you saw it." Not that she knew much about it. She could hardly be called an expert at judging diamonds. Her specialty was judging Thompson, and she knew that if he

"HE'S A CHUMP."

with his plunging tendencies, went so far as to look at the sunburst he would probably buy it for her.

"But you have a bushel of diamonds already," he said.

"A bushel! You silly boy!" she pouted sweetly. "I haven't a teacupful. Why, even Mrs. Joslyn has more than I, and I'm sure her husband is not to be compared with mine as a successful business man."

"That's just it," Thompson grabbed at the argument. "He's a chump. If he invested his money properly instead of buying gewgaws with it he wouldn't be everlastingly hard up."

In the matter of logical discussion Mrs. T. was no match for her husband. So she just snuggled closer to him and turned her soft, appealing eyes up to his.

"There, sweetheart," he said, kissing back her rising fears. "Forgive me. I'm a brute." He really thought he was.

That afternoon on the way home in his carriage he sat inspecting the bauble he had bought and reflecting on the size of the check he had given for it. Four thousand and odd dollars tied up in a bit of trumpery that would not be worn half a dozen times in the year! Why, by judiciously investing that sum in margins he might turn it into a fortune in a few months. And the stock market so active just now too!

Still he gave her the sunburst like a gentleman, with no grudging remarks, and, truth to tell, really enjoyed the grateful pleasure she exhibited.

But that night he had a little secret business conference with his pillow. Whether the pillow was of his opinion at the outset doesn't matter since in the end Thompson's arguments prevailed and his resolution was adopted unanimously.

The next morning he said to his wife: "My dear, do you realize the danger of keeping $30,000 worth of diamonds in this house? Isn't it rather too much of a temptation to lay before servants? Don't you think you'd better let me put them into a safety deposit vault for you?"

His pillow had been easier to convince than his wife was. First she liked the have her jewels where she could look at them and show them to her friends. What was the use of owning beautiful diamonds if they were to be locked up where they couldn't be admired? Then suppose she should change her mind at some last moment and decide to wear her Bernadette brooch instead of the sunburst! How exasperating not to have it at hand! Besides, she always kept them in the steel box where the servants could not get at them, and anyway, she said, the servants were perfectly trustworthy.

Thompson met all these arguments with masterly logic. Granting that the servants themselves would not steal, they were likely to talk to somebody who would. Servants, he pointed out, liked to brag about the wealth of their employers. As for the steel box, a burglar could carry it away, body and boots, and open it at his leisure.

Mrs. T. shuddered at the thought of a burglar, so Thompson laid it on a little thicker.

"We read every day of people being murdered in their beds," said he.

That was the final necessary straw. "Perhaps you'd better put them into the vault," Mrs. T. sighed.

That night Thompson called his pillow to order again and submitted the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas, The clever Mr. Thompson has found a place where they make paste diamonds which only an expert can tell from real ones, and

Whereas, Mrs. T., not knowing the difference, will be just as happy with paste as with real diamonds, and

Whereas, Thirty thousand dollars will margin enough T., Z. and W. to make a wagon load of money in the next thirty days, therefore, be it

Resolved, That everything is lovely and the goose hangs high.

There was nothing now to mar the happiness of either Thompson or his wife. Whenever she wanted to wear her jewels she had only to telephone to his office, and he brought them to her in good time. What odds if they weren't the real thing? Nobody suspected it, she least of all. Moreover, her husband never grumbled nowadays when she hinted at new diamonds. He even bought some beauties for her without the asking—bought them, let her wear them a few times, and then when he was sure she had priced them at the jeweler's he substituted paste, sold the real stones, put the money into the game, and—the goose still dangled at a pleasing altitude.

But one day the string broke, or, to shift from poultry metaphor to the language of Wall street, the bears got on the market, and the roof caved in. At 3 o'clock that afternoon Thompson, with every dollar he could raise, was under the wreck, slated to be slaughtered at precisely 10 next morning. His brokers just hadn't sold him out and that was all. A drop of another point and he was a goner.

From 3 to 6 he burned up miles of telephone wire with the heat of his pleas for money. Fifty thousand dollars would take him beyond the turn, but everybody who had that amount seemed to be hard of hearing.

At last his own bell rang, and he snatched up the phone, hopeful that somebody might be coming to the rescue.

"This is opera night, you know, dearie. Come soon and don't forget the jewels."

There were good, honest tears in Thompson's eyes as he hung up the receiver, tears that welled from a deeper, purer spring than had been tapped in his breast for many a day. If at that moment those jewels had been real nothing, not even his present strait, could have tempted him to displace one of them. But, oh, they were so false—false as he!

A plunger in all things, he now plunged into despair with his whole being, even as he had plunged into T., Z. and W. with his whole fortune. How he loathed the hideous thing that he saw himself to be! And how that loathing took away his strength to defend what was the use? What was the use of anything?

He took the jewel casket from a cupboard of his desk (he had not even troubled himself of late to carry it to the deposit vault), called his carriage and went home with the craven heart of a poltroon trembling in his breast.

Don't pity him; pray, don't. Yes, he was suffering terribly, so terribly that he thought of suicide, but grief for his faithlessness was still mixed with consideration of exposure. He must be chastened more and more before he

THOMPSON FLUNG HIMSELF ON HIS KNEES BEFORE HER.

could deserve that divine quality of mercy which tempers the highest form of justice.

Mrs. T. could not fail to perceive that something had gone wrong. Thompson had hardly entered the house when she asked him what it was.

In an incoherent way, like a man talking in his sleep, he told her of his lesser troubles: how the bottom had fallen out of the market; how hundreds of longs had been ruined; how he himself had managed barely to keep his margins good, but had completely exhausted his resources in doing so; how in short, for the want of a few thousand dollars he would be a ruined man when the Stock Exchange opened next morning.

Most of it was as Greek to Mrs. T. She understood only that $40,000 or $50,000 would save him. She opened the jewel case on the table and turned to him with a sweetly sympathetic smile. "My darling boy," she said, "why didn't you sell these?" She went and sat beside him where he had sunk listlessly upon the sofa. "Didn't you know I would rather part with every one of them than have you worried for a moment? Why, it was for just such a time as this that I coaxed them from you. I knew what a plunger you were, you dear thing, and I—yes, dearest, I almost hoped that the time might come when they would save you. I wanted to be a help to you, a real helpmate, and I knew no better way."

Thompson had flung himself on his knees before her and buried his face in her lap. Every word that she spoke seemed to be a living thing clutching at his heart, dragging his drabbled soul into the light.

"There, there!" she crooned, stroking his hair, oh, so tenderly. "Let us go now and sell them. It is not too late."

"Yes, yes, it is too late!" In a frenzy of grief Thompson sprang to his feet

THE AIR WAS FULL OF BEARS.

and slammed the lid of the casket down. He could not bear to look, could not bear to have her look at those pasty things, so false, so worthless, so much like him!

Confession was at his tongue tip when he looked into her big, round eyes and read there the awful disappointment of her loving heart. Her cherished plan had failed.

"Too late!" she gasped.

"I—I mean it is too late—too late to sell them tonight." He was making the effort of his life. He must not give up. He must not confess. For her sweet sake he must conceal the crushing truth. For her he must fight the fight. "Tomorrow morning will be soon enough," he said. At least this would give him time to think.

He confided many things to his pillow that night and adopted many manly resolutions. Among them was one to the effect that the splendid little woman beside him should never, never know. That was at once a noble and silly resolution, noble because it was conceived in loving tenderness of her, silly because he could not keep the truth from her.

Fate seems to enjoy making much ado about nothing. Possibly she has her reasons, though. If Thompson had only known it, he was not in the slightest danger. While he was tearing his heart out at home that evening two great bulls happened to meet in a box at the opera.

"Haven't these fellows had fun enough with T., Z. and W.?" one asked.

"I guess so," the other answered carelessly.

"Let's toss 'em. What do you say?"

"All right. Let's."

That was the end of it. The conversation turned upon something worth while—the new prima donna perhaps.

The first thing that happened in the Stock Exchange next morning sent the market kiting. The air was full of bears. Thompson just stood and jumped up and down until somebody near by told him not to make a blanked fool of himself.

"I won't!" shouted Thompson, jumping the higher. "I won't! Never again! Never, never!"

And what do you think he did with the first money he drew out of that deal? What else would you expect him to do but have those loathsome shams replaced by diamonds, the purest that money could buy?

Then, do you believe, he and Mrs. T. laughed and cried together and had the most enjoyable time of their lives over his story of clever Thompson's clever trick on his trustful little wife.

"Ah, but I wasn't so very trustful!" she said at last. "I had a feeling, an intuition perhaps, that if those diamonds were put into the safety deposit vault something would happen to them."

"Yes," said Thompson, "I remember how obstinately you opposed my proposition. But, now, sweetheart, you shall keep them always at home."

"No," Mrs. T. answered. "I have an intuition that they will be safer in the deposit vault—now."

A Strict Grammarian.

"You think a great deal of your husband, don't you?" said the visiting relative.

"You have the wrong preposition," answered Mr. Meekton's wife, with the cold tones of the superior woman. "I think for him."—Washington Star.

Going Halves.

Lady Customer (in bookstore)—Give me a copy of "Romeo and Juliet."

Clerk—Yes, miss. A dollar and a half, please.

Lady Customer—I find I've only got 75 cents. Just give me "Romeo."—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

One of War's Evils.

Mrs. Henpeck (visiting her first husband's grave)—Yes, here lies a hero. You would not be my husband today had he not been killed in the war.

Mr. Henpeck (fiercely)—Yes, what a curse war is!

Honored.

Some men have such queer ideas of things that they buy their way into public office for the purpose of being "honored at the hands of their fellow citizens."—Exchange.

Sad.

Amy—Poor Mr. Billion has been in a railway smash and is sinking fast.

Bella—Dear me! How sad! And I only refused him last month!

L. K. HOGARTH

Has the sole agency for

Hawke's Cut Glass,

the ware that took the Grand Prize at the Paris Exposition.

Fine Stationery
Chamois Skins
Perfumes
Toilet Articles
Rubber Goods
Trusses
Pure Drugs
Medicines

Ladies' need our patent dryer after shampooing the hair.

Union and Bell 'Phones.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

ROONEY'S IS THE PLACE

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh
Salt or
Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.
SMETHPORT, PA.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Get the Habit

of looking at our window display of Rich Cut Glass, every piece of which is for sale at cost until next Thursday. We have the privilege of sending unsold pieces back to factory and have decided to give our customers the benefit of this arrangement for one week.

J. C. Hamlin.

Just a little too far and the woman who reaches over the cliff for the coveted flower goes crashing down into the abyss below. Just a little too far and the woman, who, day by day, neglects to cure the womanly diseases which weaken her is prostrated upon a bed of sickness.

No woman should trifle with the diseases peculiar to her sex. Neglect to-day means a worse condition to-morrow.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a safe and reliable remedy for the cure of diseases peculiarly womanly. It establishes regularity, dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"My wife, Mrs. Mary Estes, has been taking your medicine and received great benefit from it," writes Mr. Geo. Wm. Estes, of Springgrove, Va. "Was troubled with female weakness, heavy, bearing-down pains, severe pain in back and head, and a tired, worn-out feeling all the time. Tried all the remedies we could hear of, but they did no good. Finally we wrote to you and my wife commenced taking 'Favorite Prescription.' Took ten bottles, and is in better health than before in a long time. We shall always recommend Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' to all who are thus afflicted."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 large pages, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of twenty-one one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Webster and Jenny Lind.

The following quaint story of Daniel Webster and Jenny Lind is told in "Washington, the Capital City:"

It chanced that on the day of Jenny Lind's appearance several members of the cabinet and senate were the guests at dinner of the Russian minister, and the concert was half over when Webster and the other members of the party entered the hall. When the applause with which they were received had subsided the second part of the concert was opened by the gifted Swede with "Hail, Columbia!"

Deeply moved by the patriotic air, Webster at the close of the first verse rose and added his rich, sonorous voice to the chorus. His wife, who sat behind him, pulled at his coat tail to make him stop singing, but at the close of each verse the volunteer basso joined in, and none could tell whether Lind, Webster or the audience was most delighted.

As the last notes of the song died away Webster, hat in hand, made a profound bow to the singer. Jenny Lind, blushing at the honor, courtesied, while the audience applauded to the echo. Webster, not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again. Again Lind courtesied, the house applauded, and this was repeated nine times.

The Meaning of Mess.

The mess of the word mess for dining room is a remnant of a custom quite common in Anglo-Norman times. Mess, from the French mets (meat or a dish of food), and the Latin mensa (a table), was the word employed in common (compare the collegiate word "commons") for four persons sitting at a separate table. Guests at dinners and other ceremonial occasions were divided for general convenience into such groups.

From this the word came to be used as equivalent to four in other matters. Shakespeare speaks of Henry's four sons as a mess, "Where are your mess of sons?" and in "Love's Labor's Lost" we find, "I confess that you three fools lacked me to make up the mess."

From the fact that soldiers and sailors are always catered for in companies, according to rank, the survival of the word among them is quite natural. The same practice is still maintained in the London inns of court.

The Lemon in Medicine.

The value of lemons in the treatment of both rheumatism and consumption is now known to be very great. The treatment is to begin with one or two a day and gradually increase the number. In one case of rheumatism twenty-five lemons a day were the dose for a time. As a preventive of illness, however, a half a lemon a day is all that should be taken—that is, if taken every day year in and year out. A half a lemon in a cup of hot water taken an hour before breakfast (without any sugar) will annihilate the darkest of dark brown tastes in one's mouth. If you make a practice of eating more butter and sugar than is good for you take lemon and hot water every morning.—Maxwell's Talisman.

Life and the Sun.

All the energy of life is derived ultimately from the sun. A little of this comes indirectly through lightning which in passing through the air forms ammonia and oxides of nitrogen. These, being carried by rain into the ground, are the constant source of nitrogen for vegetable and indirectly for animal life. A much larger quantity of energy is well known to be taken direct from the sunshine by plants and used in their anabolic processes. This energy is appropriated by animals in their food, and whether in the vegetable or in the animal it assists in any alternations of the system before it is completely dispersed.

Food and Nervous Troubles.

I have the privilege of knowing many eminent men in the medical profession, and their advice in nine cases out of ten is to eat and take as much nourishment as possible. Numbers of cases of nervous breakdown are entirely cured by what your correspondents would call "overeating." In all nervous disorders, from which so many suffer in this age of keen competition, the chief remedy is eating more than is seemingly required.—London Telegraph.

Excursionists For Revenue.

Some years ago a British warship visited St. Kilda in exceptionally calm weather. As the natives of the place had never seen a steamer, the captain good naturedly offered to take them for an hour's cruise, which was readily accepted by a great many. On their return the captain, seeing them all standing in rows on the quarter deck, asked the cause. He was at once informed that they were waiting to be paid.

The Secret Elopement.

He—We had best elope about 2 in the morning. I will bring my motor to the next corner, and—

She—Oh, couldn't you make it a little earlier, dear? Pa and ma do so want to see us off, and I don't like to keep them up so late.

New Definition of Principle.

"I fought the case not because I cannot pay, but on principle," explained a defendant in the Southwark county court recently. "Yes, I know," said Judge Addison wearily. "In these courts principle is another word for temper."

Didn't Take the Hint.

Nora—I tould that installment man that he naden't call so often.

Mistress—Did he take the hint?

"No, mum; he took the plumy."—*Philadelphia Record.*

To the last day she lives a woman can never understand how a man can worry about money matters when the children are doing so well at school.—New York Press.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

Dr. Zigg Medicine Co., Oil City, Pa.
For sale by I. R. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

CARP TS MADE, LAID, LINED FREE

WE GIVE THE POPULAR "S. & H." GREEN TRADING STAMPS.

WHEN IN BUFFALO LUNCH IN OUR BASEMENT RESTAURANT.

The Wm. Hengerer Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.

LINENS
THE DELIGHT OF EVERY PRUDENT HOUSEWIFE.

HERE'S a peerless list of Linen Bargains—just a sample of the thousands of money saving chances at Buffalo's greatest store—the store where quality is paramount. We are closing out our vast wholesale stocks through our retail departments, for in the future we will devote this entire business to retail merchandising. We deliver purchases amounting to $5 or more free, and the mails bring this mammoth store to your very doorstep.

TABLE DAMASK—Satin finish, choice designs, excellent wearing quality, will launder beautifully; the grade usually sold at 40c. Sale price, yard..... 29c

TABLE DAMASK—Homespun, extra heavy weight, guaranteed pure linen, full 64 inches wide, good patterns; the 50c quality. Sale price, yard..... 35c

BUTCHERS' LINEN—Bleached, full 36 inches wide, for suits, waists, etc.; good quality; usually sold at 25c. Sale price, yard... 17c

DISH CLOTHS—Knitted, German make, superior quality. Sale price, each..... 5c

NAPKINS—An assortment of choice new designs, including Fleur de Lis, Snowdrop, Pansy, Clover, etc., thoroughly reliable quality, fine weave. Sale prices range from $2.50 dozen downwards to..... 50c

TOWELS—Huck-a-back absolutely pure linen, good size, 18x36 inches, red and white borders, reliable wearing quality, extraordinary value. Sale price..... 15c each

BATH TOWELS—Bleached, generous size, hemmed, good quality. Sale price, each..... 12½c

SCRUB CLOTHS—Imported, for cleaning floors, stairs, etc. Sale price, each..... 6c

FREE DELIVERY—All purchases amounting to $5.00 or more, made within 150 miles of Buffalo, we will deliver free to your nearest railroad station.

MAIL ORDERS—Our perfectly equipped mail order department is prepared to supply all your wants promptly and satisfactorily. Never hesitate to write for samples or ask questions; we'll be glad to serve you.

Always mention this paper when writing.

REMEMBER this is the largest store between New York and Chicago selling everything for wear and everything for the home.

The Wm. Hengerer Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Deer and Sleep.

Deer reverse the apparent order of nature, for they sleep in the daytime and feed at night. How much sleep they do take is a matter of contention even among experienced stalkers. Some say little, others much. On the whole, we are inclined to agree with the former, for it has to be remembered that they chew the cud when lying down. Two most experienced and observant foresters, the one in Argyllshire and the other in Aberdeenshire, thus gave their opinions: "Deer sleep or rest from about 10 or 11 a. m. to 4 p. m." "Deer sleep from noon to 5 p. m."

It is no uncommon occurrence to come on deer asleep. A stalker in the Blackmount had the rare experience of coming upon a parcel of seven stags, all sound asleep. A herd was seen to move in Glenfeshie, but one stag remained behind, lying motionless. On a careful approach he was found to be asleep. Perhaps, however, the oddest occurrence of this nature happened in Braemore, when a stalking party on going up to the stag which had just been shot found a three-year-old close to it fast asleep. In fact, it is by no means rare to get within a yard or two of a sleeping deer.—Scottish Field.

The Three Gods of the Englishman.

The Englishman is the last man among civilized races to be an artist, a musician or a poet, but he is the first to be a gentleman. An Englishman thinks coldly, loves coldly and fights coldly, but he gets there just the same. There is always a fascinating smoothness about him, and he worships three gods—his flag, his trade and his top hat.—Sydney Bulletin.

Their Climate.

"Your climate can't possibly be as damp as ours."

"Think not?"

"No, indeed. Why, our climate is so damp we never raise anything but umbrellas."

"But ours is so damp we never think of raising umbrellas. They're always up."—Philadelphia Press.

Unreformed.

"I was really surprised at the dinner last night," said Mrs. Oldcastle. "Your husband is quite a raconteur."

"I know it. The doctor told Josiah years ago that he'd stuff himself to death, but he just eats away as hearty as ever."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Willing to Demonstrate.

"Tommy," said his distressed mother, "I don't see how you can get so dirty."

"Come on out and I'll show you," was the prompt reply.—Chicago Post.

We don't know what it means to "bow to the inevitable," unless it means to take off one's hat to one's wife.—Madison Globe.

LYCEUM THEATRE,

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Wednesday, Jan'y 27.

W. E. NANKEVILLE'S

SPLENDID PRODUCTION OF THE IDYLLIC PASTORAL DRAMA

THE VILLAGE PARSON

MOST NATURAL PLAY OF THE AGE.

SUPERBLY PRESENTED By Competent Cast.

MAGNIFICENT SCENERY

INTRICATE STAGE EFFECTS.

Seat Sale begins Sat. Jan. 23, at 1 p. m.

PRICES 25, 35, 50 & 75c

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

C. A. BURDICK'S MUSIC STORE

From now until after the holidays I will sell my entire stock of Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines at a reduced price.

It is not necessary for any purchaser to go out of town in order to buy a Piano or Organ as I handle strictly high grade instruments which include the Bush & Gerts, Packard and Story & Clark Pianos. You are not taking any chances of getting a worthless instrument when you purchase one of these Pianos as they are all guaranteed to be first class.

An inspection of these instruments will convince you that it is to your interest to deal with us.

Call and inspect my stock and get prices before going elsewhere.

C. A. BURDICK
Main St. Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS - - - $30,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Attention

is directed to our store where you will find the best and most complete assortment of

Groceries,
Provisions,
Teas,
Coffees,

and in fact everything to make an up-to-date store.

Hagberg & Sherburne
Smethport Penn'a.

ATTENTION LADIES!

If you want to save money this is the place to do your purchasing. All Millinery is now going at a great sacrifices.

Excellent grade furs at a very reasonable prices.

A few ladies' and children's cloaks left, which will be sold at a great reduction.

Also, have an elegant line of dress skirts and large assortment of flannelette wrappers, underwear, hosiery and other goods at very low prices. New Idea Patterns, 10c.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman,
Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Fall and Winter Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Elwood Gaskin's

NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.

Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.

We handle fruits and vegetables in season.

Bell Phone

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 21, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Gorton's Minstrels to-morrow night.

—Stoves is the topic of H. H. Redfield's advertisement this week.

—Hawke's cutglass is advertised by L. K. Hogarth. It is the best cut glass made.

—The last of the January Clearance Sale is advertised by Fry & Herzog this week.

—C. B. Corwin, who was threatened with pneumonia last week, is on the road to rapid recovery.

—Anna Calhoun, graduate of Warner's Business College, has a good position with the McConnell Grocery.

—The Cunningham glass plant at Pittsburg was damaged by fire to the extent of $75,000 last Friday morning.

—A large party of school children, chaperoned by Miss Beatrice Elliott, enjoyed a sleighride to Eldred last Friday afternoon.

—Prof. A. R. Crandall of the department of biology of Alfred University has resigned and is succeeded by Prof. C. I. Lewis of the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

—All the stores in town that give yellow trading stamps will give double stamps all next week. An advertisement on the editorial page this week will tell you more about these popular yellow stamps.

—Anthony Ryan claims to have the champion record in his line for this section. His record is one haircut and six shaves in sixty-five minutes.—Potter Enterprise. This does not seem fast. What do our local barbers think of it?

—It is said that the Pennsylvania railroad will do away with the $10 deposit on mileage books, which has created so much talk since the order went into effect. This will be welcome news to the public, especially traveling men, who are constantly on the move.

—Another murder mystery has been cleared up. Floyd Peckham, aged 22 years, was arrested on Friday for the murder of his father at their home near Erie, Pa., on June 18, 1901. The arrest was brought about by the statement of a man who saw the shooting and claims that he did not dare to tell of it on account of threats made by a neighbor. On the night of the murder the elder Peckham came home drunk and ugly and the rest of the family left the house.

—Roy Works, a young man employed in the Port Allegany window glass factory, was seriously burned one day last week by an explosion of gas. He was cleaning the flattening oven when the explosion occurred. His face, head and hands were badly burned, but he is recovering rapidly.

—Infected by the poisonous kisses of three-year-old Harold Latta, who died of hydrophobia, Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Latta, of Madrid, Ia., the father and mother, and twelve-year-old Forest Birdsall, a neighbor's child, are hovering between life and death at Dr. Antonio Bagorio's Pasteur Institute in Chicago.

—Gorton's famous minstrels come to the Lyceum, January 22nd. If there is a minstrel organization that is well known the world over, it is surely Gorton's as it enjoys the distinction of being the oldest, as well as one of the best minstrel companies on the road. The management is progressive and up-to-date, and this year the attraction is guaranteed to be better than ever.

—"When you fight or work don't make a fuss," says a wise man. "The hen cackles only after she has laid an egg. The noise and sizzle of a locomotive are not force. All force is silent. The hee-haw of a mule may startle, but it is not as dangerous as his hind legs. Bear in mind it is an empty wagon that makes the most noise when in motion. The noise of a drunk is due to the fact that there is nothing in it."

—Henry C. Kennedy, a tenant in the Robert Power brick building at Ridgway, has been arrested charged with incendiarism. It is alleged that he made four attempts to set fire to the Power block and that the last attempt was frustrated Tuesday night of last week, when Kennedy was caught with a quantity of waste in readiness to start another blaze. The defendant is a young man, married, and had a good reputation previous to being arrested. It is thought that the man is insane. He was lodged in jail.

—What would you think of the merchant who offered you two buttons in change for a silver dollar—wouldn't you kick? It would be about as insulting to your intelligence as it would were the merchant to try and palm off some of his own cheap mixtures for some well-known reputable food or medicine which has a name for purity, strength and value. A reputation which has stood the test of time cannot be knocked out by such silly tricks. The dealer soon finds that his old customers lose faith in him and he loses trade by such practices.

McKean County Miner.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Propr.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 21, 1904.

Announcement.

FOR TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

S. D. WEAVER.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 21, 1903.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican party of McKean county at the primaries.

E. F. DAVIS.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 4, 1904.

Republican Borough Caucus.

The Republican caucus for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following borough offices will be held at the regular polling place in Smethport borough on Saturday, January 23, 1904:

2 persons for Councilmen to serve for three years.

1 person for Assessor.

1 person for Auditor.

2 persons for School Directors to serve for three years.

1 person for Judge of Election.

1 person for Inspector of Election.

Polls open from seven o'clock p. m. until nine o'clock p. m.

Persons wishing to have their names on the ballot will hand the committeeman fifty cents 48 hours prior to caucus.

W. A. OTTHANSEN, Committeeman.

THE Salus-Grady libel law is now a "dead letter," but wait until the Honorable Sammy Pennypacker gets on the Supreme Court bench. We hope it will be a long wait.

A DECISION has been handed down from the Supreme Court of this State giving a divorced wife the life insurance of her former husband and leaving the second wife out in the cold. In this case the policy of John P. Brown was in favor of Mattie Brown, his wife, and as the policy had not been changed she gets the insurance.

THE chances of war between Russia and Japan remain unchanged, but seem rather to favor a clash at arms. There appears to be a general opinion among those best informed that Japan is a little better prepared for a conflict than her big enemy and that Russia is holding off in order to get in better shape, and when she does war will be declared.

THE Pennsylvania State Editorial Association, at its annual meeting in Harrisburg on Tuesday, decided to hold its regular summer session at St. Louis during the week of June 16. It was decided that efforts should be made by the association to secure pledges from candidates for the Legislature this year to vote at the next session for the repeal of the Grady-Salus libel law and the passage of a more liberal act. W. T. McQuown of Clearfield was elected secretary and treasurer and A. D. Gould of Eldred was chosen as a member of the executive committee.

FRIENDS of those who voted to make the Salus-Grady libel bill a law are now trying to pacify those right-minded and liberty-loving people who are opposed to this outrageous bill, by claiming that the Salus-Grady libel law is a "dead letter." The fact that it is a "dead letter" is not denied by anyone who has the least conception of justice and equity, but notwithstanding this fact, every little while we hear of a prosecution (more properly a persecution) being brought under this Salus-Grady bill, which proves the predictions made by this and most all newspapers, that had the manhood to stand for their rights, to be true, viz: That the bill would be used to persecute publishers daring to expose the misdoings of public officials and others. We have never heard of a conviction under this law, but, however, a number of cases have been brought, and each one of them has cost the publisher of the newspaper more or less money and trouble. If the members of the legislature and senate who voted for this bill want a vindication of their other actions let them put themselves on record as being for the repeal of the Salus-Grady "dead letter" and then they will stand a good chance of receiving the vindication they ask. It should be no humiliation for an honest man to acknowledge and try to make amends for his mistakes and the fact that the original defenders of this law are willing to call it a "dead letter" is sufficient proof that the Salus-Grady bill is a mistake.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 16, 1904.

At the memorable arbitration meeting held in this city the other day, Edward Everett Hale made a most significant and powerful plea for compulsory peace, saying among other things: "Give me the money that will be spent this year in maintaining the present armament of nations, and I will build you a four track railroad from the Arctic ocean down the spine of the continent to Tierra del Fuego in Patagonia; another four track railroad from Vienna across Asia to Hong Kong; another four track railroad across the Dark Continent from ocean to ocean, and another four track railroad from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope. And I will have money enough left to build them all over again!"

It is presumed that the President is greatly gratified that the Cuban Senate has this week ratified the so-called "permanent treaty" with the United States, including the requirements made upon the Queen of the Antilles which were at one time thought to be very severe. The time for ratification would have expired January 23. Cuba seems to be making progress. Now let us have peace.

The hearings will be resumed next week on Grosvenor's anti-injunction bill, which provides that there shall be no punishment for conspiracy when two or more persons combine in furtherance of a labor dispute. Not only the Knights of Labor, the Federation of Labor and other worker associations, but the Employers' Associations of Chicago and New York will present their views at length, the latter of course protesting against such law.

To do entire justice to Perry S. Heath, secretary of the Republican national committee, it is proper to record that he has not shirked, but when his name was called in the court here trying Machen, the Groffs and Lorenzes for conspiracy to defraud the government, he promptly answered "present." If he has anything to hide concerning his official conduct as First Assistant Postmaster-General, he is not seeking to hide it by running away.

The contest over Panama and the President's conduct in recognizing that republic still holds the floor in the Senate. The attack is made by half of the Democratic members and from a strictly partisan point of view. The defence of the President is vigorous and adequate and mostly in the hands of Senators Spooner (Wis.), Aldrich (R. I.), Dolliver (Ia.) and Beveridge (Ind.) The most viciously denunciatory attacks have been made by Senators Carmack of Tennessee and Newlands of Nevada, who did not hesitate on Thursday to charge the President with wilfully breaking the laws of the country and repeatedly violating his oath. The Republicans have presented a solid phalanx in defence of the President's justice and prudence. Mr. Newlands proposed that Congress disavow the orders of the President and resume peaceful negotiations with Colombia; but he did not come to the front when Mr. Allison challenged him to introduce a resolution thus rebuking and dishonoring the President and see what would become of it. The fight is made, and will be made henceforth till the election in November, on the Democratic allegation that the administration sent dispatches to our naval commanders in Panama instructing them not to allow any Colombian troops to land, even to enforce the sovereignty of Colombia on her own territory. This specification is denied or admitted only in a modified form by Republicans who insist that Colombia had a "reasonable time" in which to ratify the treaty and that, on her offensive refusal to do so, the President was obligated by law to act as his judgment dictated to promote the interests of his country and collective civilization." Thus is the issue joined.

The Washington clerks are "dreadful mad" because they are hereafter to be expected to work seven hours a day, but they keep their indignation bottled up inside them with remarkable success. They work 235 days in a year when they take their regular leave of a month and their "sick leave" of another month and as they get from $3 to $16 a day for the exertion, it is suspected that even if they were to resign in a body their places might be filled by persons who would think it a real soft snap.

The Democratic newspapers are foolishly vociferous concerning an alleged difference between the President and Senator Hanna. They may save their breath. There is no such difference. The President will be renominated and elected. Hanna is keeping faith with him and is not "laying pipes" for the succession. Hanna has many friends and admirers, but they would not like to see him injure his deserved popularity by trying to stem the strong current of public preference for Mr. Roosevelt. He is not a conspirator.

It was proposed by Senator Bacon to pay Colombia for the loss of Panama and Senator Hale astonished everybody by acquiescing. Whereupon a Senatorial wit alluded to it as "the gold cure for the Panama jag."

Secretary Hay and the Russian Ambassador had a conference yesterday in which the Secretary was assured that the commercial concessions by China to the United States in Manchuria would be respected and protected. We shall not interfere politically.

Postmaster General Payne brings out the figures which show that whereas the deficit for the fiscal year ended last June was $4,500,000, next year it will in all probability increase to nearly $7,207,000 and the year after that to nearly $8,614,000. This frank dealing with the public is to be commended. It is a great mistake to try to hide from the taxpaying community what its public luxuries are costing it. There would be no deficit, but on the contrary the postoffice would be a source of revenue to the Government if it were not for the fact that many *snide* publications are going through the mails at pound rates.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Friday the twenty-ninth day of January, 1904, by T. H. Quinn, M. F. Quinn, F. S. Sherman, W. H. Ringrose and J. S. Latch, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto for the charter of an intended corporation to be called CLERMONT SEWER PIPE COMPANY, the character and object whereof is the manufacturing and refining clays, shales and silica rock and the manufacture and marketing of sewer pipe, tile, brick and other products for which clay, shales and silica rock can be used, and for these purposes to have, posess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

JOHN G. WHITMORE, Solicitor.

January 2, 1904.

DOUBLE STAMP WEEK.

Jan. 25 to 30, inclusive,

At All Yellow Stamp Stores.

This is a rare opportunity to fill your stamp books with just half the usual amount of cash purchases and secure one of the many useful and valuable yellow stamp premiums.

Remember the yellow stamps secure the best articles for the least amount of cash trade.

Yellow Stamp books are for fifty dollars and are redeemable when QUARTER, HALF, THREE-QUARTERS or COMPLETELY FILLED. Twenty-five dollars fills a book this week.

The following leading stores give Yellow Stamps with all cash purchases.

FRY & HERZOG	McCOY DRUG STORE	J. S. McCARTY
ANDERSON & CARLSON.	GALLUP GROCERY CO.	J. R. WALKINSHAW
J. C. HAMLIN	WM. MONHEIMER	S. B. OVIATT

Premium Display at FRY & HERZOG'S.

TRADER'S REBATE COMPANY.

These Combinations for Sat'y., Jan. 23rd. Cash Only.

Combination No. 1 all for $1.00.		Combination No. 2 all for $1.00.	
1 lb Unc. Jap. Tea	$ .50	3 pkgs. Five Bros.	$ .30
1 lb Santos Coffee	.20	7 bars Oak Leaf Soap	.35
1 can Sweet Corn	.13	1 pkg. Force	.15
1 can pumpkin	.12	1 can California peaches	.35
1 can Peas	.12	1 jar Apple Butter	.15
1 pkg. Gr Cereal	.10		1.30
1 bar Soap	.05		
	$1.22	Combination No. 4 all for $1.00.	
Combination No. 3 all for $1.00.		10 lb G. Sugar	$ .60
6 pkgs. Mail Pouch	$ .30	1 lb Green Jap. Tea	.50
2 " Imp. Macaroni	.30		1.10
3 lb Sauer Kraut	.15	Combination No. 5 all for $1.00.	
1 can veal loaf	.25	5 lb G. Sugar	$ .30
1 " Tomatoes	.12	1 lb Pure Food Pwd	.50
	1.12	1 lb " Black Pepper	.30
Combination No. 6 all for $1.00.			1.10
1 pkg Searchlight Matches	$ .50	Combination No. 7 all for $1.00.	
1 " Imp. Pie Fruit	.10	1 pkg. 5 lb Rolled Oats	$ .25
1 " Bird Seed	.10	2 lb chocolate	.50
1 " of IT	.10	1 pkg of Soda	.08
1 can flat salmon	.25	1 " I X L starch	.10
1 " pie peaches	.12	1 lb lump starch	.06
	1.22	1 can plums	.20
			1.29

The above combinations will not be broken, when ordering just give number, we will see that you are served with the goods listed under that number. Yours to serve,

J. COLEGROVE.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's

For Fresh HOME-MADE CANDIES try us.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

That's our business—dealing in Shoes—and we carry a large and complete assortment of fashionable Shoes at prices that are sure to please.

We aim to please all our customers and judging from past experience we believe we do.

If in need of anything in the line of

FOOTWEAR

come in, examine our line and get prices.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK,

Have secured the services of THOMAS CLARK, an experienced plumber, and am better preppred to do all work of that nature.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

BIG REDUCTIONS DURING JANUARY.

Clothes to Order.

May We Have Your Measure?

Our Tailoring Department is organized to run like clock work. The artistic taste of our cutter, the skill of our tailors and the value in our woolens are all on a par. Everything is the best money can command, yet we are not high priced.

A tailor should be judged by the clothes he makes, not by the prices he asks. Judge us that way.

We Take the Risk of Pleasing You.

Cutter, maker and finisher must all work in harmony or there can be no sureness of style and fit, from the first snip of the shears till the last inspection, the suit or garment is never for an instant in the jingle of uncertainty.

Try us on your next Suit or Overcoat.

Remember the garments are not yours until you say "perfectly satisfied."

H. W. RUBIN.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

SMETHPORT, PA.

WE GIVE PURPLE STAMPS

D. C. Young's Department Store.

Headquarters for Purple Stamp Premiums, the finest premiums ever given in this town. So save your purple stamps as you are sure to get a valuable premium for every book you fill.

Call and look over my stock as I have just received a line of new goods and can save you money on Rubber goods for men, women and children.

BOOTS & SHOES,
NOTIONS,
DRY GOODS,
FANCY GOODS, &c.

And always a fresh line of groceries on hand, also hand-picked apples.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 1, 1903.

GOODS DELIVERED.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S

Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

HOW WOULD IT DO TO STEP INTO

McCoy's Drug Store

AND PURCHASE ONE OF THE LATE NOVELS. INSTEAD OF TALKING ABOUT YOUR NEIGHBORS TALK ABOUT THAT.

McCoy's Drug Store.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

RED STAMPS

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

RED STAMPS

ALL THIS MONTH.

RE-ORGANIZATION CLEARANCE SALE.

Before Reorganizing this Firm into a Stock Company we wish to reduce our stock $5,000 or more, and in order to do so we cut the prices deep in every department.

CLOAKS AND FURS.

Every cloak in this department goes at a great sacrifice and they're going fast at the prices we put on them.

Some at about HALF PRICE, others more. If you need a coat or fur, this is your best opportunity to get a good one VERY CHEAP.

DRESS GOODS.

One lot in most all colors Cashmeres, Serges, Granites, etc. Good values at 39c 22c

One lot Dress Flannels in Red, Grey, Blue and Black. Good values at 50c. Now 39c

REMNANTS.

A very prosperous season has left us a great many remnants of cotton and wool dress goods in lengths suitable for waists, skirts, children's dresses, etc, which we will close out at greatly reduced prices.

DOMESTICS.

White Shaker Flannel	4½c
Good Standard Prints	5c
All linen crash toweling. Regular 10c. Now	7c

READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS.

One lot Ladies' Winter Waists. Good $1.25 values	75c
Ladies' Eiderdown Dressing Sacques. Reg. $1.00. Now	59c
Ladies' White Outing Gowns. Regular $1.00. Now	79c
Flannelette Wrappers. Good assortment of colors and all sizes. Regular $1.75 ones	$1.19
Regular $1.50 ones	$1.12
Regular $1.00 ones	79c
Children's Night Gowns. Regular 50c grade.	38c

GLOVES AND MITTENS.

Ladies' and Children's Black Wool Mittens	10c
Ladies' and Misses' Golf Gloves in most all colors	19c

QUILTS AND BLANKETS.

Silkoline Comforters filled with pure white cotton. Were $1.75. Now	$1.45
Good large clean Quilt. Regular $1.00. Now	79c
10-4 Cotton Fleece Blankets in white and gray. Regular 75c. Now	55c
11-4 Heavy Gray Blankets. Regular $1.00. Now	79c
Fancy Blankets suitable for bath Robes. Good $1 values. Now	69c
11-4 All Wool White Blankets. Good $6.00 values. Now	$4.50

COTTON BATTING.

Several cases bought before the raise. Regular 7c. Now 5c

LACE CURTAINS.

A few specials out of our immense stock:

A special curtain 33c pair.	
Regular $1.00	79c pr.
Regular $2.48 ones	$1.79 pr.

POLES.

White Enamel, Oak and Cherry Cottage Rods 7c

CARPETS.

Extra Super Royal Ingrains. Regular 75c. Now	59c
Pro. Brussels in large assortment. Regular 75c. Now	59c
Cottage Carpet. Reg. 40c. Now	29c
Heavy Chinese Matting. Regular 30c. Now	21c

MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

A broken line of all wool underwear. Values from $1.25 to $2. This sale 98c

Sanitary Fleece Lined. Regular 50c garments 39c

All Boys' Underwear at a discount now.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

Heavy Fleece Lined White or Cream. Regular 25c garment	19c
Heavy Fleece Lined White or Cream. Regular 50c garments	39c
Merode White Wool Mix. Good 85c values	68c

All Children's Underwear at proportionate discount.

GOODYEAR RUBBER BOOTS.

Short Top Duck Boot. Regular $3.50. Now	$2.89
Short Top Plain Rubber Boot. Regular $3.00. Now	$2.49

SHOES.

208 pairs of Men's Union Made Shoes in Patent, Enamel, Velours, Box Calf and Vici Kid. All the best styles. Not one old pair in the lot. Douglass, Case, Buell and other makes. All sizes.

$4.00 ones. Now	$2.98
$3.50 ones. Now	$2.69
$3.00 ones. Now	$2.29
$2.50 ones. Now	$1.79

Dorris Shoe for Women in Patent, Box Calf and Kid. A good $2.50 shoe that we have always sold at $2.00, now for this sale only $1.69

PERSONAL MENTION.

J. A. Holder visited Port Allegany on Thursday last.

Dr. W. L. McWilliams of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town Friday.

Dr. H. L. McCoy was called to Binghamton, N. Y., Tuesday on professional business.

F. M. Windsor of Birtvjlle was a pleasant caller at the MINER office this afternoon.

Miss Minnie Willey of Arcade, N. Y., is visiting in town called here by the serious illness of her brother, C. L. Willey.

Mrs. Sarah Brennan of Smethport was the guest of Mt. Jewett friends and relatives during the first of the week.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Mrs. W. D. Gallup and daughter, Miss Rena, left Monday for Deland, Florida, where they will spend the balance of the winter.

Mrs. Ellingsfield, who has been spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. E. H. Coleman, returned to Smethport on Tuesday.—Port Allegany Argus.

Miss Rae McCarthy of Smethport returned home Tuesday after a visit with Misses Bessie and Roxie Provin at the Newton House.—Oswayo Valley Mail.

John Smith, formerly of this place, but now interested in the oil business in Kansas, is home on a visit. He has prospered in this new oil field, his interests being valued at over $100,000.

G. R. Gibbons of Eldred is in town looking after the interests of the Pennsylvania Torpedo company. Mr. Gibbons is an all-around glycerine man and as a shooter has no peer in the business. While in town he was the guest of A. L. Hughes, a former secretary of the Roberts Torpedo company.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization is now ready to give bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, manager, Smethport, Pa.

Leumler's is headquarters for robes and blankets as usual. The quality and prices will suit you.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

LAST OF THE JANUARY CLEARING SALES.

JAN. 25 **Double Yellow Stamp Week** JAN. 30

In addition to the best values in all departments we will, during the week of Jan. 25th, give double yellow stamps on all cash purchases.

DRESS GOODS

Cotran Plaids & Novelties, 30 in. 15c regularly. Now	11c
25c regularly. Now	19c
All Wool Cheviots 58 in. 1.25 values. Now	89c
Scotch Suitings 58 in. 1.50 values. Now	1.15

BEDDING

1.25 Comforts. Now	95c
1.50 " "	1.18
2.00 " "	1.50
2.50 " "	1.65
3.00 " "	2.25
5/4 White Blankets. Now	4.50

LADIES FURNISHINGS.

Shirt Waists. Flannels and Ginghams. Now ¼ price.

Vestings and Cheviots. Now ¼ off.

Outing Night Gowns. Now ¼ off.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

100 Stiff Shirts. Now	68c
150 " " "	98c
50c underwear. "	38c

One lot brown ribbed fleeced underwear. An excellent garment.

Outing Night Shirts. Now ¼ off.

FROM MILL DIRECT TO RETAILER.

THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE

To ever again secure at the extremely low prices we are now offering that Robe or Horse Blanket, you have been thinking so long about. We are manufacturer's agent for the celebrated NORTHERN OHIO BLANKET MILLS and probably handle more Robes and Blankets than any other house in the county.

We still have a great many left which we do not wish to carry over the summer season. To reduce our stock before taking Inventory, we will inaugurate a Blanket Sale, the like of which you have never before seen in Smethport, and will close them out regardless of cost.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS this great opportunity of supplying your horse with a good warm sheet or stable Blanket and a fine and dandy Robe for yourself at this sale.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

The Fair,

22 MAIN ST.

January Mill-End Sale

is now in full swing. It is a decided success—the large attendance has proven that. No better values have been offered in a dry goods store as this sale presents.

So you know what a "mill end" is? It's a mill's remnants of 1 to 10 to 15 yds, which are sacrificed by them under real values. They represent the coming season's styles and this you get

A large variety of style.
Goods easily matched.
At 40 per cent less in price.

Which you come to Bradford you should make The Fair your objective point. You won't have to go any further to get the best at the best price. Mill-Ends is a new thing in the education of modern business women.

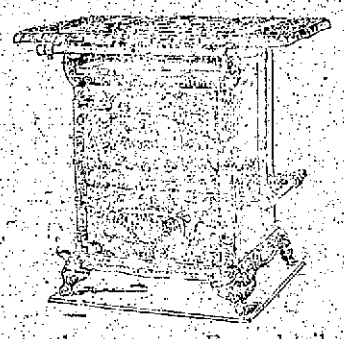
COATS AND FURS

These goods are now being sold at the lowest figure we can put on them this season—about one-half.

Some good styles yet left.

—They go with the rest.

The Fair,
22 Main Street,
R. Rosenberg, - Bradford, Pa.



AN UNASSAILABLE POSITION.

Favorite Gas Ranges hold that position which comes only thro Quality. We absolutely guarantee them to you. Every detail of their manufacture has quality behind it. They are the best we know of; the best anybody can make. As a result Favorite Gas Ranges sell better and make more friends than any other gas range on the market. Herr Detlefs, one of the best noted cooks in the country, and who for the past few weeks has been conducting a class in cooking in this borough, has the following to say of the Favorite Gas Range:

"I use only Favorite Gas Ranges because I have found them to be the best. They do perfect work and are superior to all others in my judgment. I am not employed by the company who make them, or paid for this testimonial. The excellent satisfaction these ranges have given me justifies me in recommending them."

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

If it is a

Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Don't Wear Wrinkles

Or freckles or any facial blemishes when with little time and patience you can have a skin as soft and white as a baby's.

We have just received a full line of

TOILET PREPARATIONS

Try our face massage, Orange Cream.
Marbeau's Freckle Lotion is an exquisite toilet dressing.
Milk of Cucumber and Oriental Beautifier or face bleach.
They are the finest preparations made. Just try them and be convinced.

Wells Pharmacy.

We are sole selling agents for the

Globe-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on every $10.00 purchase.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 21, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Mrs. Guy H. McCoy entertained the amateur whist club last night.

—George Francis Train, the noted writer, died in New York Monday night.

—Miss Ethel Gifford gave a linen shower for Miss Helen Forrest yesterday afternoon.

—Novels are advertised by McCoy's Drug Store this week. They have an excellent display.

—Mrs. Hobson, mother of Capt. Richmond P. Hobson, died at Boulder, Col., on Sunday, aged 70 years.

—Don't forget Gorton's Minstrels at the Lyceum to-morrow (Friday) night. This popular show is always good.

—Mrs. F. C. Pierce entertained a number of ladies at cards at her home on Main street yesterday afternoon.

—The thermometer changed over 70 degrees in less than 36 hours this week and still some people wonder how they catch cold.

—The members of the Epworth League will give a "Sweet Sixteen" social at the League rooms next Tuesday evening. Everyone should attend the novel entertainment.

—The case brought by the Humane Society against the Hudson family of Hazelhurst, which was to have been tried before Judge Bouton on Tuesday, has been postponed until the regular February term.

—Everybody should get busy cleaning sidewalks to-day, and the street commissioner should see to it that all walks are cleaned before another freeze.

—Olean is to have a poultry show on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week. The managers will accept our thanks for a complimentary ticket.

—An Italian woman named Dravolce was knocked down by a locomotive in Bradford Sunday evening and seriously injured. It is thought she will recover.

—The controversy in Bradford over the Hart-Miskell trouble has come to an end by Officer Hart handing in his resignation and Daniel Blake being appointed in his place.

—"An Evening in the Diamond Fields of Africa" at the Methodist church next Sunday at 7:30 p. m. "The Call and Mission of Jeremiah" is the subject for the morning service.

—Tuesday morning was another extremely cold one. The official thermometer registered 31 degrees below zero and local thermometers varied from 28 to 35 degrees below.

—Casper Smith, one of the old residents of Keating township, was operated on for appendicitis by Dr. Kane on Monday. His condition is considered favorable at this writing.

—Eugene F. McCann of Bradford, who has many friends in Smethport, was operated on for appendicitis at the Bradford hospital on Tuesday. He is now on the road to recovery.

—E. R. Magnuson, aged 25 years, who had been a resident of Bradford, was killed in a railroad collision at Falls Creek last Saturday. He was a popular young man in Swedish circles in this county.

—"Sunset Mines," a western melodrama was presented to a fair-sized audience at the Lyceum Tuesday evening. The play is an ordinary western drama and was fairly well presented.

—A boy 4 or 5 years of age was found wandering about the streets last evening and was taken to the police station. He gave his name as Barney Titus, but was unable to give information as to where he lived. The little fellow was taken home by a Davis street resident and kept over night.—Bradford Era.

—Shopkeepers use a preparation as follows to prevent window glass sweating or frosting: Two ounces of glycerine dissolved in one quars of sixty-three per cent. alcohol with a tiny bit of amber oil added to give a pleasant odor. When the mixture has clarified a little is rubbed over the glass with a soft cloth.

—Food Inspector A. D. Gould of Eldred says he thinks a great many cases of appendicitis are caused by the consumption of adulterated food. To substantiate his statement he cites the fact that until recently the malady was practically unknown and that in those times adulterated foods were not so common.

—Mrs. E. Norine Law, well-known in temperance circles as a lecturer of marked ability, is expected to deliver an address in the Baptist church next Sunday evening. The address will be simply "gospel temperance" unmixed with anything of a partisan nature. Those who attend may expect to be greatly benefitted.

—L. K. Hogarth has added to his collection of curios at his drug store the knife used by John Berg to end his life. He was the Swede who committed suicide near Clermont on May 10 last. He first prepared a noose about his neck, slashed his wrists with his jackknife until he severed the arteries, then hung himself. The bloodstains are still visible upon the knife.

—Dr. Robert Hamilton's horse ran away with him Saturday evening. The sleigh was overturned at Crossmire crossing and the horse became frightened, and after dragging the doctor some distance, got away and ran to Daly's livery, a distance of three miles. Dr. Hamilton walked to a farm house where he got a rig to drive home. No serious damage was done.

—On Wednesday evening next "The Village Parson" will be the attraction at the Lyceum. This pleasing drama was presented here last season and it was considered one of the very best attractions ever seen by a Smethport audience. This season it is claimed that the cast is strengthened in some places and if it is we feel safe in saying that it will be the best attraction of the season.

—Two houses on Hillside avenue, Bradford, were destroyed by fire early Tuesday morning. They were the homes of Arthur McKittrick and John McClave. The residence of A. H. Cheesman was also badly damaged by the flames. The fire originated in the McClave house. Damages are about $4,000 with small insurance. The cold weather combined with deep snow prevented the firemen from doing their usually good work.

Correspondence

Bookkeeping or Shorthand, full course by mail, $13.50. The best there is, and all it is worth anywhere. If more is paid it goes to agents and for their expenses. We have no "drummers." School stands on its merits. Call or write. WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration c. t. a. on the estate of J. J. Hughes, late of Annin township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to John C. Brown, residing in Smethport borough, McKean county, Pa., to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment at once, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay to Gorton & Richmond, Attorneys, Smethport, Pa.

JOHN C. BROWN,
Administrator c. t. a.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 16, 1903.

WHEN DAVID CAME

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Elm Dale was the scene of joyful preparation, for Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Hammond were soon to celebrate their golden wedding. From far and near their children and grandchildren were coming to the old country home under the great elms.

All of the neighbors were interested in the coming event, and a number of them were pledged "to help out on chairs and china." Patience Saybin, familiarly known as "Patty," and her brother lived only a mile from Elm Dale, but they had not been asked to contribute, and Patty felt slighted.

"I've offered to lend them everything on the place, even you, John," she said to her brother, "but Mrs. Hammond says they have all the arrangements made. I did want a finger in the pie."

John laughed. "Never mind, little girl," he said consolingly. "Mr. Hammond says they may ask us to sleep one or two if the old house won't hold them all."

The day before the celebration Mrs. Hammond drove over in the morning to see Patty. "I thought we could stow 'em all away," she said, with a smile, "but I was thinking Mary had four children instead of five. I don't see how I came to forget little David when I counted noses. I've been worrying, dear, if you'd let him sleep here—either him or one of the others?"

"Oh, yes!" Patty cried delightedly. "I should love to, Mrs. Hammond."

The old lady smiled. "I brought his picture along," she said, "so you could see what a dear little fellow he was."

Patty bent eagerly over the photograph. A pleasant little face smiled at her from the cardboard—the round, dimpled face of a five-year-old. "He's a perfect cherub!" she cried.

"I'm expecting most of my children this evening, and if his folks come I'll send him over before bedtime."

The dear old lady forgot to tell Patty that the picture of David was taken twenty-three years before.

All that day Patty was very busy preparing "little Davie's room." An old high chair and trundle bed were brought down from the attic and dusted. Lizzie, the good natured girl in the kitchen, made some little round cakes, and Patty frosted them and put a pink "D" on the top of two or three. When evening came everything was in readiness for the expected guest. The tin waiter and tiny knife, fork and plate were on the dining room table, and the little rocker held out its welcoming arms in the sitting room. An old rocking horse that had been John's long ago awaited patiently for its gallant rider, and a little woolly dog stood on three legs with an air of expectation.

The day had been a long one to Patty. At 7 o'clock she was rearranging the furniture in little David's room when the doorbell rang. She went to the head of the stairs and called to Lizzie.

"Hurry, Lizzie!" she cried. "They've brought little David over. Take him into the sitting room and amuse him. I'll be down in a few minutes." She flitted back to her work and did not hear Lizzie's exclamation of astonishment when she opened the door and saw a big, broad shouldered man standing there. Probably he had overheard Patty's instructions to the girl, for his eyes were full of laughter, though he said soberly enough: "Good evening. I am David Terrell. Miss Saybin was expecting me, I believe?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," Lizzie stammered, "but she wasn't expectin' quite"—She paused in embarrassment.

"Quite as much of me?" he asked laughingly.

Lizzie giggled and led the way to the sitting room. The little chair held out its welcoming arms in vain to this guest. David Terrell's eyes rested at once upon the rocking horse and woolly dog, and his expression momentarily grew more cheerful.

"Were these—ahem—these preparations made in my honor?" he asked Lizzie. But before the girl could answer a sweet voice came from the upper landing. "Are you amusing him, Lizzie?" Lizzie giggled hysterically.

"Tell her you are," the young man whispered.

"Yes'm," she called in muffled tones from behind her apron.

"Show him the picture books," the voice went on, "and if the little fellow is tired take him up in your lap."

Lizzie stepped into the lower hall and turned her laughing face up to her mistress. "Please, ma'am, I can't," she said. "I'd hate to try."

"I'm ashamed of you!" the indignant reply came. "I'll come right down and take him myself."

Lizzie fled to the kitchen, and there was the quick click of heels on the stairs. Then David Terrell saw a pretty picture framed in the wide doorway. Miss Patty stood there, with surprise and disappointment plainly written on her expressive face.

"Where—where is"—she began in a bewildered way.

David came forward. "I don't know where he is," he said, "if I did I'd get him for you, Miss Saybin."

"You?" she asked.

"Yes. I'm little David's successor. Will you forgive me for growing older and larger, Miss Saybin?"

For a moment the sensitive mouth quivered. She had anticipated so much. Then she held out her hand and said, with a smile, "I suppose you can't help it, but you don't look much like your picture."

"Oh, that's it! Grandmother showed you that small boy photo, did she?"

Patty nodded and smiled again. After all, this David had pleasant eyes, quite like the little fellow's. "I am glad that you came," she said hospitably. "My brother and I are often lonely, and John will be delighted to entertain some one of his own age. I hear him coming now." And she rose and went to the door to meet him. "John," David heard her say, "Mr. Terrell is here."

"Mr. Terrell?" the answer came. "And who is he, Patty?"

"Hush! He'll hear us. It is little David. Don't laugh so loud, John!" She slapped her hand into his and led him to the sitting room, and in a few minutes the three young people were on the short road to friendship.

Late in the evening they adjourned to the dining room for a little lunch. Patty had forgotten the high chair and its accompaniments, and it was with a feeling of dismay that she saw their visitor's eyes traveling in that direction.

"Are those things for my use?" he asked laughingly.

"Whuff things?" Patty said innocently.

"This high chair, tin tray and so on."

"Oh," she said, with a guilty glance at John, "those belong to my brother."

John stirred at her in amazement. His face grew crimson with suppressed mirth when Mr. Terrell said, "How old is your little brother?"

"Twenty-seven," Patty answered demurely, and John exploded with laughter. "No good pretending, Patty," he cried. "Better show him all of my old possessions, including the trundle bed, but we'll not ask him to occupy it."

The morning of the golden wedding dawned clear and bright. It was a day filled with happiness for all who gathered at the old home. At 10 that night David Terrell gave John and Patty full account of "the gathering of the clans," as he called it. In conclusion he said: "I shall have to ask you to keep me another night, but after that there will be room for me at Elm Dale."

"I thought you said you must go tomorrow," John exclaimed.

"Yes; that's so, but since then"—and he glanced quickly at Patty—"I've made other arrangements. My brother and I are partners, and Jim is willing that I should have my summer vacation now."

"Oh," Patty cried, "I'm so glad! Aren't you, John?"

"Yes," he said heartily, but this sudden change of plans made him suspicious.

David made good use of those four weeks. His grandmother laughingly accused him of spending half of his vacation with the Saybins.

The last day came, and David walked over for a farewell visit. He found Patty alone on the vine shaded porch. John was away on business, she explained. "Never mind," David said cheerfully. "It is you I wish to see." Her clear eyes were raised to his inquiringly.

"Will you keep your word," he said gently, "and take me?"

"My world!" she murmured wonderingly.

"Yes. Before I saw you I heard you tell Lizzie that you were coming downstairs and you would take me yourself." There was a mischievous light in his eyes now.

Patty's face flushed. "You know I didn't mean"—she began.

He interrupted her anxiously. "But you will take me, dear, on trial for the sake of little David?"

She smiled into the honest eyes, so like those of the child in the picture. "Yes," she said, "for the sake of little David's successor."

Dropped the Subject.

"Five thousand dollars for a dog!" he exclaimed as he looked up from his newspaper. Do you believe any one ever paid any such price, Maria?"

"I'm sure I don't know, James," she returned without stopping her needle work even for a moment. "Does the paper say that much was paid?"

"Yes. There's an article on valuable dogs, and it speaks of one that was sold for $5,000. I don't believe it."

"It may be true, James," she said quietly. "Some of these well bred animals bring fancy prices, and there's no particular reason why the paper should lie about it."

"I know that, Maria. But just think of it! Just try to grasp the magnitude of that sum in your weak, feminine mind. You don't seem to realize it. Five thousand dollars for a dog! Why, hang it, Maria, that's more than I'm worth!"

"I know it, James, but some are worth more than others."

She went calmly on with her sewing, while he fumed and sputtered for a moment and then dropped the subject, especially the weak, feminine mind part of it.—Exchange.

Cafes in the Hungarian Capital.

The trees and the cafes in Pest are Parisian, only there are more trees and more cafes, and in Pest the cafes do not have a crowded existence. There is never the impression of a few tables and a few chairs forced into a narrow space. It seems as if, when the city was laid out and when the buildings were erected, special providence had been made for tables and shrubbery in front of them in the same way that space is calculated for gardens and fountains and lakes in laying out an exposition ground. If old Paris was all on a hill on one side of the Seine and new Paris had been built since 1860 and the Parisian had the free life of the gypsy in his heart and the Russian's fondness for room whether outdoors or in and art and architecture had flourished in Hungary for centuries, there might be some reason for that comparison which frequently occurs to the hurrying tourist.—Frederick Palmer in Scribner's.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away." but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE ANCESTRAL TREE.

Its Branches May Be Widespread For Some Future Americans.

"Speaking of heterogeneities and the homogeneousness of the same, if one may say it, the American say 500 years from now, may have some trouble in tracing the lines of his family tree," said a thoughtful man. "At any rate, judging from the progress the United States is making, there is a chance for a few difficulties along this line. In the erstwhile, and even now, the job was comparatively simple. It was and is simply a question of going back to the days of the Revolution, colonial days, the days of the white haired grand dames. But the American of the future will have no such simple task. One's family tree must branch out and expand with the country. For instance, the men and women of the future will have to trace their lines through an ancestry thus geographically given: Indian, Mexican, American, Hawaiian, Porto Rican, Cuban, Philippinian, Panamanian and Alaskan. And yet these are only a few of the possibilities which might be mentioned in the same connection and for the same reason. Uncle Sam is an expansive sort of fellow, and just where he will quit one may not guess even in the wild recklessness of one's fancy. The American of the future may be put to the dire extremity of showing some sort of remote ancestry association with even the lynx eyed far easterners."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THRASHING SERVANTS.

Domestic Life in England in the Time of Henry VIII.

In that remarkably minute chronicle of domestic life in England in the time of Henry VIII., Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," the learned and pious author seems to take it for granted that the only way of dealing with maidservants is to thrash them unmercifully. He tells us in his inimitable doggerel that "a maid must be forced to be ofttimes or she is to be made to cry creak." Mistresses are advised "to go about with a holly wand in their hand, although they may not always have occasion to use it, and to pay home when they fight"—that is to say, thrash—"but not to be always chiding." As regards the laundry, the domestic sorts are warned to take heed when they wash or run in the lish and to wash well, wring well and peat well, so that if any lack beating it will be themselves."

As for the unhappy Cicely, the dairymaid, she is to cry "creak"—that is to say, to be thrashed—if her cheese is "buren" or puffed up, and if the cheese be laigh Cicely is to have "a crash." If the cheese be spotted Cicely is to be amended by the boyes, and if it be too full of whey the wretched dairymaid is to have "a dressing." Finally, if any maggots are found in the cheese, "mistress is to be it Cicely by and by."

The Seventeen Year Locust.

The open air career of the seventeen year locust is soon completed, though in its dormant and earlier form it is said to live underground for seventeen years, feeding on roots.

The larvæ drop from eggs laid in the twigs of trees and quickly burrow out of sight, each one forming for itself a subterranean chamber, where it remains buried and alone month after month for fully seventeen years, preparing in some mysterious manner for its brief enjoyment of freedom.

With perfect regularity at the end of the allotted period myriads of these insects attain maturity and emerge from their long imprisonment, when for a month or so the winged male sings his striking song of courtship, while the female busies herself with laying eggs.

There is a continuous record for about two centuries of the recurrence of the cicada at these seventeen year intervals. The first note on the subject was made in 1715.

A Small Beginning.

Long before the Revolution a young printer in Philadelphia, when he had taken off his working apron at night, used to sit poring over his dozen of old volumes by firelight. He soon knew them by heart and hungered for more. But books were costly, and he had but little money.

He had eight or ten cronies, young men who, like himself, were eager for knowledge. Ranging his books on a shelf, he invited his friends to do the same, that each of them might have the benefit of them all.

Ben Franklin thus laid the foundation of the first circulating library in this country.

Why Kitty Is "Puss."

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who had many idols, worshiped the cat among others. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night and because her eyes changed like the moon. So they made an idol with a cat's head and named it Pasht. The same name they gave to the moon, for the word means "the face of the moon." The word has been changed to "Pus" and "Pus" and has come at last to be "Puss," the name the most of us give to the cat.—Boston Transcript.

A Generous Spirit.

"Henry, I want $2 this morning."—"What for?"

"Must I account to you for every penny I spend?"

"I don't insist upon knowing about every penny. When it's less than a nickel you can bunch it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Until Then.

"When may a woman be said to be happily married?"

"Not until she has had the pleasure of refusing several men."—Detroit Free Press.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER

one year for

$1.25 IN ADVANCE.

SWORD EVOLUTION.

The Transition From the Ancient to the Modern Blade.

A great many modern sword forms are really nothing more than descendants, or, rather, improvements on the peculiar boomerang shaped sword of the ancient Egyptians, the parent of the scimiter, yataghan, falchion and saber. Africa, south of the Sahara, was perhaps the greatest museum for old swords in the world. In the Sudan and central Africa the old sickle and boomerang shaped swords, which the ancestors of the modern negroes received centuries ago from the Egyptians, were still made and in use. Moreover, the knights of Malta were at one time famous swordmakers, and their peculiar long, double edged blades, such as the crusaders carried, were exported to the Barbary states, where they were in large demand. From there they were taken across the Sahara to the Sudan and exchanged for ivory, and it was on this account that they were still found in central Africa.

In the sixteenth century a peasant living on the outskirts of Toledo, Spain, invented the famous Toledo miner, which soon became the popular weapon all over Europe. Prior to that time the swords used in Europe were heavy affairs for hewing, slashing and cutting, but with the advent of the Toledo rapier men had to learn to thrust as well as to hack and slash. With the rapier came the art of fencing, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries being the age of the sword par excellence.

MORAL SUASION.

The Experience of a School Official Who Advocated It.

This story is told at the expense of a recently appointed supervisor of a public school in this city:

One day she happened to be visiting a school where a young incorrigible was undergoing punishment for a series of misdemeanors.

The teacher cited him as "the worst boy in the school—one I can't do anything with. I've tried everything in the way of punishment."

"Have you tried kindness?" was the gentle inquiry of the other lady.

"I did at first, but I've got beyond that now."

At the close of the session the lady asked the boy if he would call and see her on the following Saturday. A boy arrived promptly at the hour appointed. The lady showed him her best pictures, played her liveliest music and set before him a luncheon on her daintiest china, when she thought it about time to begin her little sermon.

"My dear," she began, "were you not very unhappy to have to stand in the corner before all the class for punishment?"

"Please, ma'am," broke in the boy, with his mouth full of cake, "that wasn't me you saw. It was Peter and he gave me 10 cents to come here and take your lacing."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Living Book Marker.

The mystery of life has rarely furnished the thinker with so strange a problem as that which arises out of a fact instanced by Mr. W. H. Hudson, the naturalist. Mr. Hudson had a piece of snake skin, which for years he used as a book marker. It changed color periodically and shed its scales. It continued to shed its scales in this fashion for ten years, each succeeding set of scales being smaller than the last. Some fairly recent books would make even a hippopotamus hide book marker change color were it to find itself between their leaves. The sensitive book marker capable of blushing rose red or paling with emotion may no doubt be a feature in the literary life of the amazing future and perhaps in the literary world. "Some Emotions of a Moral Book Marker" is a thinkable title when we consider the strides of modern thought."—London Outlook.

The Compass Plant.

On the western prairie is found what is called the compass plant, which is of great value to travelers. The long leaves at the base of its stem are placed, not flat, as in plants generally, but in a vertical position, and present their edges north and south. The peculiar propensity of the plant is attributed to the fact that both surfaces of its leaves display an equal receptivity for light, whereas the upper surfaces of the leaves of most plants are more sensitive to light than the lower. The leaves thus assume a vertical position and point north and south. Travelers on dark nights are said to feel the edges of the leaves to ascertain the point of the compass.

Anticipated by Shakespeare.

"Is Bannerly as egotistic as he looks?"

"I think so. He wrote to a friend not long ago and in the course of the communication remarked that William Shakespeare seemed to have anticipated in a somewhat rude and unfinished form one of his (Bannerly's) pet theories."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How Wise We Are!

A wise newspaper says we should be thankful that we are moderns and heirs of all the wisdom of the ages. Perhaps we should be if we did not know that the average American imagines Plato to be a new kind of silver polish and Sappho an attachment to a piano.—Washington Times.

In the Parlor Too!

New Boarder—What is the landlady's daughter playing?

Old Boarder—A mixture of airs from a lot of old operas—a sort of musical hash, you know.—New York Weekly.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance for it requires knowledge to perceive it.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Members of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. Mehlig, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. B. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Gebrander, H. H. Readnour, F. H. Ramey, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorheese, N. D. Ranier
Justices—E. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—F. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Hamlin, Owen Fagerburg.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. —ackus.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Barthgame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL E. BEEL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FUNCHION, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURELINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELE GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month, in Kerns Hall.

T. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELES, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MRS. E. E. PEIRCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Mrs. MILLIE I. BIEVER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

ARAMETTA MYERS, W. M.
MRS. L. T. GOLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. E. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 3 p. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. (Sunday School) 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. except at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:00 a. m.
Train 120, week days..... 7:13 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:15 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:35 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 4, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:23 a. m., Baltimore 7:05 a. m., Washington 8:00 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:16 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8:00 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, 8:00 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays Dutlois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and weekdays for Dutlois and intermediate stations.

6:10 p. m.—Train 67, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.		
North	Stations.	South
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9 05	Ridgway	12 40
9 30	Johnsonburg	12 05
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 40
10 16	Straight	11 39
10 20	Instanter	11 35
10 26	Smith's Run	11 16
10 34	Woodvale	11 02
A. M.	Clermont	11 00
		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:05 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points; arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for Dutlois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 7:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD, General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Saturday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points eastward west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Bullpine & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

3:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west, and for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:05 a. m., 5:40 p. m and 8:30 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 19. Passenger Train Schedule Effective Sept. 21, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	1:00	8:10	Lv. Mt. Jewett Ar.	8:30	12:30	
5:07	1:20	8:28	Pt. Bernard	8:10	12:05	5:00
5:10	1:30	8:31	Hazelhurst	7:58	11:54	4:51
5:18	1:35	8:37	Marvindale	7:49	11:48	4:44
5:21	1:40	8:40	Ranson	7:45	11:37	4:40
5:28	2:00	8:47	Conrad	7:38	11:27	4:30
5:34	2:05	8:53	Smethport	7:30	11:18	4:22
				A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
5:54	1:59	9:14	Smethport	7:30	11:30	3:35
6:00	2:07	9:20	Mill	7:24	11:24	3:29
6:07	2:20	9:27	Farmers Valley	7:16	11:16	3:22
6:20	2:45	9:34	Coryville	7:00	11:00	3:15
6:30	3:00	9:40	Larabee	6:50	10:50	3:05

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	Lv. Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.45	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.45	6	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.16
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	4.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	7.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. MCLURE, Supt.

THE

NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

THE Tri-Weekly Tribune

one year for

$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign

PATENTS

Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure Patents and TRADE-MARKS write to

CASNOW & Co.

Opposite U. S. Patent Office
WASHINGTON D. C.

RED MOUNTAIN NUPTIALS

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

When the westbound stage drew up at Crawford's that April afternoon a solitary passenger alighted—a tall, strong featured young man, who carried himself with an air of determination. Billy Crawford, lounging in the doorway of the barroom, languidly smoking a stubby clay pipe, looked at the arrival critically. He noted the man's face, of the chalky whiteness of unpolished marble, the dark rings under his eyes and the gaunt hollows in his cheeks, which made the cheek bones glaringly apparent.

Billy had seen many such arrivals before. Generally, though, they licked the combativeness this man's bearing seemed to suggest. They were prone to wear a tired, hopeless, often frightened look. Generally, too, they went back in a few months by the stage again—in a long box on the trunk rack behind.

Billy was mentally figuring how long it would be before this one went back in such fashion, when the young man strode briskly up the steps and accosted him.

"Are you the proprietor here?"

Billy "reckoned he was."

"Accommodate me here?" The young man shot out his questions with no waste of words.

"How long?" said Billy, removing his evil smelling pipe.

"As long as I like the place," said the other. "Maybe all summer, maybe a year, maybe longer."

Billy thought to himself, "Maybe four or five months at the most," but he said, "Guess so," replaced his pipe, and, picking up the bulging suitcase, led his guest within.

From behind the closed blinds in the second story of the little red shack—a stage station which Billy Crawford had christened the "Red Mountain inn"—some one else had watched the arrival of the stage, and that some one was Araminta Crawford, Billy's daughter. She saw the determined looking man, with his almost defiant air and his pale, sunken cheeks. As her father was showing the way upstairs she heard the man's spasmodic cough, and her heart was filled with sudden pity at the thought of his coming to that deserted corner of the world to die, for despite the reputation of the climate of the Red mountain district as a healer of damaged breathing apparatus Araminta had seen the long boxes on the trunk rack too often to put much faith in it.

At supper time the young man was the sole guest in the smoky dining room. Araminta was waitress as well as cook. When she came into the dining room the guest fixed his eyes upon her. She was good to look upon—dark, well formed, with a fullness of figure and an unstudied ease which youth and life in the open air had given her.

Crawford came into the dining room for a moment to inquire concerning his guest's comfort. He indicated his daughter with a wave of his hand.

"My daughter, Minta, Mr.—er—er—Mr."—

"Deming," the guest supplemented, turning to the girl. From that moment Jack Deming dated the beginning of his recovery.

In the days that followed Deming saw much of the girl. He found her frank, unaffected, good hearted, yet with a keenness of mind which accorded ill with the narrowness of her surroundings. Her father and the men who came to the inn were gross and coarse. Aside from the old negro woman who assisted about the place, there was not a woman within thirty miles. Yet the girl was womanly, quiet and possessed of a native refinement and a simple frankness which Deming found irresistibly charming.

The weeks flew past, and Deming improved. He was much in Minta's company, and the more he saw of the girl the deeper grew his interest in her. He showed her his diploma from Yale and told her of his life in the world outside, while she listened eagerly for every detail. They walked together, they fished in the stream at the back of the inn, they set up a target and tried his rifles, and the girl proved to be a far better shot than he. Meanwhile his lungs mended, and he developed a very common form of heart trouble, of which Minta was the cause.

There could be but one ending to it all. One October night Deming sought Crawford, who was smoking sleepily in the deserted barroom. Deming made known his intentions, and Crawford came suddenly from his somnolent mood and swore roundly.

"No," said Crawford. "Minta marry a consumptive—a tenderfoot consumptive? No, sir; she is going to marry the son of old Jones, who runs the stage route. That was arranged years ago. He's got money to burn and nothing the matter with his lungs."

Deming turned angrily on his heel and left the room. Outside in the moonlight he met Minta, who laughed when he told her of the interview, whispered a few words into his ear and then ran swiftly into the house.

Late next afternoon, when the stage drew up at Crawford's, Deming stood on the porch saying goodby to Billy.

"No hard feelin', I hope?" Billy was saying.

"None at all, I assure you," Deming replied, with a twinkle in his eye, for behind Crawford's back he saw Ed Dempsey, the stage driver, helping a woman into the coach.

Twenty minutes later, after the coach had rattled off toward Red Mountain, Billy called his daughter.

"Minta!" he bellowed through the house. "Minta! Where in tarnation is the girl?"

"I done seen her gittin' into de stage, suh," said the colored girl.

Far up on the stage road, which winds about Red mountain, you can look down a bluff and see the road twisting along below. Deming and Minta, looking down the bluff, caught sight of a solitary horseman riding madly along the rocky path. Deming leaned out the window.

"Crawford's coming up the trail," he shouted. "It's $50 in your pocket, Ed, if you land us at Madison Flats ahead of him."

Dempsey let out his team until the coach rocked and swayed, and the only other passenger, a thin, nervous man, clutched the seat and gasped.

Then they heard Ed shouting to the team. The pace slackened as he set brakes hard. Instinctively Deming opened the door and pushed Minta before him. At the same moment there was a crash, the coach toppled over, and he found himself pinned beneath the other passenger, who could not move.

Minta scrambled from the dirt by the roadside unhurt, and Dempsey cut loose and pacified the struggling team. Then together they ran to the coach. Neither man within was hurt, but both were pinned down in the coach.

An inspiration came to Ed Dempsey. He put his face close to the wrecked coach.

"Say, in thar!" he called. "Are you the new minister for Cedar Creek?"

"I am," was the response.

"Well," said Ed, "I reckon you've got your first job right here. You're layin' acrost the groom, an' the bride's here by me, an' daddy, madder'n a wet hen, is comin' up the trail like thunder on a cyclone. Git together, everybody."

The imprisoned clergyman rose to the occasion.

"Can you manage to clasp each other's hands?" he asked simply.

Then with the bride on her knees in the dirt clasping the hand of the groom, across whom lay the officiating clergyman, the ceremony was performed.

As it finished Billy Crawford galloped up.

"What in thunder does this mean?" he gasped.

"It means," said Dempsey, "that you are just in time to help me git that dog gone coach off'n your son-in-law, John Deming, and the Rev. Mr. Whitten who performed the ceremony somewhat informal-like about five minutes ago."

A Glimpse of Tennyson.

Wilfrid Ward in "Problems and Persons" tells this, illustrating Tennyson's mixture of bashfulness and dogmatism:

If a stranger had come to see him the shyness and abstraction might last longer. I remember once going to Farrington with a friend—a true worshiper of his genius—and after the first words of greeting he seemed to be entirely in the clouds until, after long waiting, we hit upon a device to arouse him. A picture by Edward Lear hung in the room, and under it were four lines from "The Palace of Art:"

One seemed all dark and red; a tract of sand,
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced forever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low, large moon.

We were looking at the picture, and I said to my companion, "Read the lines." She read them, giving them a kind of metrical jingle. In a moment Tennyson, who had been standing alone at the other side of the room, stepped rapidly across, seized her arm and said, "Don't read them like that," and went on with his deep, sonorous voice to read, or, rather, chant, them himself with the roll which was so well known to his friends.

Wonders of Wales.

The wonders of Wales are: (1) Snowdon, the highest peak of southern Britain; (2) Overton churchyard, Flintshire, with its yew trees of great antiquity; (3) the fine peal of bells of Gresford church, Denbighshire; (4) Llangollen bridge, in the beautiful vale, built by Bishop Trevor in 1345, a singular structure of four pointed arches, the two center spans being smaller than the two ends; (5) Wrexham church tower, a richly decorated structure of six stages, 135 feet high, on three sides of which are rows of saints in canopied niches; (6) Pystyl Rhaydr waterfall, Radnor, almost destroyed by alterations in the river bed in 1780; (7) St. Winifred's well, Holywell, around which cluster endless traditions.

St. Winifred was martyred by Caradoc in the seventh century, and a chapel was built to her memory by Margaret, queen of Henry VII., in 1490, whither pilgrims have resorted from the earliest times, even down to 1804, leaving behind them votive offerings in the shape of crutches and invalid chairs.

She Knew the Reason.

He was smoking and musing over the ways of the world. "Odd, isn't it," he said at last, "how few people attain their ideals in this world?"

"In what way?" inquired his wife suspiciously, for she was not a woman to be caught off her guard.

"Well," he replied slowly, "I was thinking of Wilmer when I spoke. He had an ideal woman that he was always talking about when he was in college. She was tall and stately in his dreams, and he seemed to have no place in his heart for a small woman, and yet—and yet"—

"Well?"

"Why, he finally married a little thing who hardly comes to his shoulder. I wonder why it was?"

"Perhaps, Fred," she said very slowly and distinctly, "he is like the majority of other men and was afraid to take any one of his size."

He changed the subject.—New York Times.

SCRUBBING IN HUNGARY.

Pest Is a Spotless Town Even to the Middle of Her Streets.

In Pest if your hat drops or is knocked off the chair where you laid it you feel that properly it ought to have been brushed before instead of after it fell. If you never look up from the pavement you would be forever thinking that it had just been raining and hoping with such a bright sun the pavement would dry soon. With a Turkish fondness for having things brought to him where he sits the Hungarian has combined a mania for the immersion of all inanimate if not animate objects which is anything but Turkish. The scrubbing which the Dutch housewife applies to her stoop is carried into the middle of the street, and the city sidewalk and all. The immaculately ablutitous servants are the men with the hose and the men and women with the broom, who even sweep up the petals of the flowers in the parks as they fall. The promptness of units in performing their tasks is such that you might well believe that you are living in the horseless age. One thing to be avoided, it seems, is any lack in numbers of the legionaries. If the postman does not hurry there are enough of him to collect the mails often and on time.—Frederick Palmer in Scribner's.

MacMahon's Simplicity.

The French cynics never knew just what to make of Marshal MacMahon's simplicity and candor. Once while he was president the council of ministers were divided on a question in the affirmative side of which MacMahon himself felt the deepest interest. When they came to vote on it they found themselves tied—five voting "yea" and five "nay." "Well, gentlemen," said the president, with a sigh, "I confess I am sorry, but the motion is lost."

His five opponents exulted in their victory. His five associates looked respectfully astonished, but said nothing. After the meeting one of the latter called the president aside. "M. le president," he whispered, "we were amazed at the result of that vote, but held our peace out of regard for you. We had supposed that you were of the same mind with ourselves."

"So I am," answered MacMahon, heartily."

"Then why did you not assert your right and cast the decisive vote?"

"Upon my faith," exclaimed the honest old soldier, "I never once thought of it."

Buying Cards.

The Chinese, who, according to their histories, invented every thing before anybody else, claim the merit of having first designed playing cards and developed the games arising out of them. The Emperor Soun Ho had many wives, who naturally found time hanging heavily on their hands, so the emperor devised amusement for them by inventing cards—that is, if we are to put any belief in the words of the Chinese historians. There were thirty cards in each of his packs—three suits of nine each and three extra or superior cards. The Chinese cards were oblong, as ours are, while those of the Hindoos were round.

Surprising though it may seem, it is nevertheless true that the queen in our suits is a comparatively modern innovation. The picture cards were at first entirely military—king, knight and knave. The Italians were the first, it is said, to give the lady a place in the pack.

How Could It Be a Mistake?

What a woman doesn't know about newspapers isn't worth knowing. The other morning Mrs. B. was talking to her husband.

"I notice in the Daily Hoodoo that Mr. Bilkins died on Sunday."

"It's a mistake, my dear," replied the husband. "He died on Monday."

"But the paper said Sunday."

"I know it, but it was an error in the print."

"I thought so, too, at first, but I got a half dozen copies of the paper, and it was the same in all of them. They certainly couldn't have made the mistake over and over again."

The husband tried to convince her, but it was no use, and he gave it up.

A Rural Financier.

"I suppose you'd like to make about 1,000 per cent on a little investment while you're in the city," remarked the confidence man.

"You bet I would!" replied the financier from the farm.

"Well, how much can you put into the deal?"

The farmer gave the matter thoughtful consideration.

"Well," he said at last, "if it's a sure thing there's no use goin' too strong at the start. I'll invest a dime right now, an' then I'll invest the profit on that when I get it, an' so on up as long as it works."—Chicago Post.

Educational.

Highland Schoolmaster—Norman, did you ever see an elephant?

Norman—Nob, sir.

H. S.—Hae you seen one, Donald?

Donald—Noh, sir.

H. S.—Hamish, hae you ever seen an elephant?

Hamish (eagerly)—Yes, sir.

H. S.—You are a criot boy, Hamish. Go up top.—John Bull.

What Bothered Him.

"Dat's one thing bothers me 'bout de hereafter," said Brother Williams.

"En what's dat?"

"Dis thing er livin' on milk en honey."

"Don't you like it?"

"No; it always did gimme de dyspepsia!"—Atlanta Constitution.

It isn't always well to take the bull by the horns, because under the circumstances you can't very well let go without trouble.—Boston Republic.

DRUSILLA'S GARDEN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

The garden was really only a box on the fire escape, but there were pansies in it in the spring, and later a tiny rosebush bloomed. Then geraniums held full sway until winter, when Drusilla took the box into the house and raised a few late violets.

Every morning Drusilla picked all the withered blossoms, and in the evening she watered her plants for friends was busy all day, polishing and filing the nails of the patrons of the manicuring establishment in which she worked.

When a typewriter was first placed at the window of the big office opposite the fifth floor of the tenement in which Drusilla lived and a dark young man seated himself in front of it the young girl watched the installation over the heads of her purple pansies.

But when the young man looked across and smiled Drusilla stepped over her threshold and shut the door with a slam.

"Impertinence!" she ejaculated in the dimness of her room, but her lips smiled in answer to the look that the young man had given her.

But the blossoms cried out for water, and presently Drusilla's fair head, adorned with a perky black velvet bow, bent over the pansies. The hands of the young man remained suspended over the keys. Then he rose and walked to the window, but Drusilla picked off some dried leaves and brought out an infinitesimal watering pot. She made a cool picture in her white shirt waist. A little whiff of damp earth blew across, cooling the heated atmosphere.

The evening hour grew to be an important one to Drusilla, for she arrived home at 6, and the dark young man did not leave until 7. She sat up late nights to finish a certain blue lawn that had a train that trailed over the iron steps of the fire escape to the further undoing of the infatuated young man over the way. She hummed little tunes that caused the complete cessation of the "clickety-click-click" of the machine opposite.

But still she kept her eyes to herself, for Drusilla had a full sense of her dignity as a workingwoman. There were certain conventions that could not be dispensed with in her circle, and one of these was the formal introduction.

"He's a dear," she confided to Mazie Dunn, as the two girls arranged their little trays and got out their shining instruments and the pink powder and creams. "But I'm not going to let him think I'm easy."

With which rather inelegant summing up of the case Drusilla showed that she was a true conqueror of men.

So for many weeks Juliet on her balcony remained cold, while Romeo at the typewriter sighed in vain. He threw small balls of paper in among the pansies, and Drusilla brushed them calmly into a neat little dustpan, but when the dark young man had gone she picked them out carefully and read the fervid messages.

"You are my pansy blossom."

"There's only one girl in the world for me."

Only once, however, did she condescend to an exclamation of delight.

On a certain damp morning the young man coughed. That night he coughed again. Drusilla was worried. Finally she retired into the obscure recesses of her room. When she reappeared she had a bottle in her hand. She set it on the fire escape shelf. In red letters on the label was the admonition:

"For Coughs Take Speer's Specific."

Then before the young man could nod enthusiastic response she whisked back into her room, leaving him alone with her suggested remedy.

The next morning a similar bottle adorned the young man's desk, and he took a dose conspicuously, standing close to the window while he measured it into a spoon.

But the cough continued, and the next day Drusilla wrote on a slip of paper:

"Shut your window."

The young man clicked off some thing rapidly on his machine and planted his reply carefully on the ledge:

"I would rather die."

"Well, he is devoted," said Mazie Dunn, "if he won't shut a window between you. But maybe if you talked to him you might get him to be careful of himself."

"I guess I am not responsible if he is a fool," was Drusilla's sharp comment as she soaked her finger tips in warm water preparatory to giving them a treatment.

But that day the sun came out, the dry, soft air of the spring was like balsam, and the cough stopped. So stopped also the exchange of courtesies, and the young man sighed for illness or worse if it would only bring a look of warmth to his lady's eyes.

And worse came.

It happened one day at half past 6. Drusilla's shade was down, but the dark young man knew that she was in her room, for once her pink tipped fingers had adjusted the curtain and a savory odor told of her supper cooking.

"Clickety-click-click," went the typewriter, and then suddenly "Clang-clang," deadened by its distance to the fifth floor, came the ring of the fire engine bells.

The dark young man leaned out. Far below him he saw great crowds gathering. The smoke floated up from the puffing engines. Then all at once he caught his breath sharply. The windows of the third floor of the tenement were lighted with a golden glow, growing redder as he looked.

The smoke poured out and joined the smoke of the engines, while the black masses drifted up the fire escape and over the blooming little garden.

The young man shouted hoarsely.

"You," he began. What should he call her? He had never heard her name. "Young lady, little girl!" he shrieked. But there was utter silence across the way.

Then he began to cough. "Help!" he gurgled. "Help!" This brought Drusilla, in a pink wrapper, with a little frying pan in her hand. She opened the door and looked out anxiously.

"What is it?" she demanded, coming to the railing.

"Look!" shouted the young man.

Already the flames were working up. Firemen were crawling up ladders like flies, and shrieks came from the people within.

"Run down; run down," ordered the young man. "It's the only way to save your life. Down the fire escape. Go at once," he continued, peremptorily as Drusilla wavered.

So down she fluttered, frying pan and all, looking like a pink blossom as she grew smaller in the distance.

Then the young man, watching her, saw her turn and come back. As she reached the floor where the flames were raging she swerved aside and ran desperately up the steps.

"My garden, my garden!" she gasped as she saw the terror in his face. "I couldn't leave it to burn."

But the young man did not stop to hear the end. Like a madman he ran to the elevator. Then he sped to the street and began the climb toward Drusilla. Far above him she was staggering with her heavy burden, half blinded by the smoke.

At the fatal third floor she stopped. Across the iron fire escape swept waves of flame. Two firemen just below, unconscious of the girl above them, were trying to turn a stream of water on a window. The noise was deafening. The dark young man shouted frantically, and at last his voice reached them.

"Turn it this way; turn it this way!" But they saw the motion of his hand and the pink gowned girl above them and comprehended. As the water played for a moment over the blistering iron the dark young man plunged through and dragged Drusilla to safety.

They were all drenched—Drusilla and her rescuer and the little yard. When they reached the street the dark young man led Drusilla to a secluded niche in the doorway of the big office building, and about their raged the excitement of a terrible catastrophe, and Drusilla, safe in the little haven, quietly proceeded to faint away. The dark young man caught her in his arms and mopped her face with his wet handkerchief. Then she opened her eyes and saw the informality of his attitude and blushed.

"We haven't been introduced," she reproached faintly, but she did not draw away from him.

"As if that mattered," said the blissful dark young man.

Elastic Marble.

In one account of Rome the author mentions five or six slabs of elastic marble as being in the possession of the Prince Borghese. Being set on end they bend backward and forward. When laid horizontally and raised at the end they form a curve. If placed on a table and a piece of wood or any other substance is laid under them they fall into a kind of curve, each end touching the table. The Abbe Fortis was told that they were dug up near the town of Mondragon, in the kingdom of Naples. The grain is like that of fine Carrara marble or pietanos of the finest Greek. They seem to have suffered some attack of fire. A slab of marble similar in every respect to those described and highly polished has been exhibited for years at the British museum. M. Flouvian de Belvac succeeded in making common granular limestone, a granular quartz completely flexible by exposing it to a certain degree of heat. In Lincoln cathedral, England, there is an arch built of white marble which is quite elastic, yielding to a heavy tread and returning or rebounding to its original position on true elastic principles.

Two Convincing Reasons.

Lord Peterborough, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne, was very troublesome, and one day, seeing from his carriage a dancing master with pearl colored stockings lightly stepping over the broad stones and picking his way in extremely dirty weather, he alighted and ran after him with drawn sword in order to drive him into the mud, but into which he of course followed himself.

This nobleman was once taken for the Duke of Marlborough and was mobbed in consequence. The duke was then in disgrace with the people, and Lord Peterborough was about to be roughly handled. Turning to them, he said:

"Gentlemen, I can convince you by two reasons that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only 5 guineas in my pocket, and in the second they are heartily at your service."

Preferred Arrest.

A thief broke into a large mansion early in the morning and found himself in the music room. Hearing footsteps approaching, he hid behind a screen.

From 7 to 8 o'clock the eldest daughter had a lesson on the piano.

From 8 to 9 o'clock the second daughter took a singing lesson.

From 9 to 10 o'clock the eldest son had a violin lesson.

From 10 to 11 o'clock the other son took a lesson on the flute.

At 11 o'clock all the brothers and sisters assembled and studied an ear splitting piece for piano, violin, flute and voice.

The thief staggered out from behind the screen at half past 11 and, falling at their feet, cried, "For mercy's sake have me arrested, but stop!"

THE HONEY BADGER.

He Is a Tough Beast and Is Exceedingly Hard to Kill.

Badgers belong to the great weasel tribe, although they are also allied, as many people know, to the bears. Among their more or less distinguished relatives may be named the wolverene, otter, skunk and marten. In Africa and India, says a writer in Longman's Magazine, are to be found the curious ratels, a remarkable branch of the family, distinguished by their extraordinary fondness for honey. To obtain this luxury they spend most of their time hunting for the nests of wild bees.

They are absolutely oblivious, as are English badgers, of the stings of the infuriated bees, their tough hide and loose coats protecting them from any serious injury. Ratels are strong and very courageous beasts. The Boers of South Africa hold them in high respect, as do the natives, and assert that a pair of these beasts will occasionally attack a human being. I have heard of them being tired by these animals, but whether the tale was true or false I am uncertain. What is certain is that the ratel, or honey badger, of South Africa is a beast extremely difficult to kill by reason of his tough constitution, good defensive powers and extraordinarily loose coat and that he is when meddled with or put out a beast of very high courage and unpleasant manners.

WORSHIPED AS A GOD.

An English General Who Was Deified by East Indians.

John Nicholson, British colonel and brigadier general, was once worshiped as a god. He was the eldest son of Alexander Nicholson, a physician of Dublin. This gallant soldier distinguished himself in the Punjab campaign of 1848-49, when he was appointed a deputy commissioner of the annexed Punjab under Sir Henry Lawrence. At Bannu, dealing wisely with an ignorant and bloodthirsty people, he evolved in the course of five years such order and respect for law that murder and highway robbery, previously so rife, were unknown in the district.

He so impressed his powerful personality on the natives that he became to them a demigod, and in Hazara a brotherhood of fakirs in 1848 instituted a religious cult for the worship of "Nikal-Seyn," which continued to flourish in spite of Nicholson's efforts to suppress it even by punishment.

At a moment of victory during the siege of Delhi in 1857 this hero fell mortally wounded in the street while leading his men. He died a few days later on the 23d of September, 1857, and was buried in front of the Kashmir gate.

AN OLD SUPERSTITION.

The Practice of Consulting Scripture as a Book of Fate.

The practice of consulting Scripture as a book of fate was generally condemned by the church. A council at Vaines pronounced against it in 401 A. D. So did one at Agde in 506 and one at Auxerre in 585. Charles the Great forbade it in his capitularies, and so did Pope Gregory II. Nevertheless curiosity as to the future was so strong in men's minds that the custom continued.

An odd circumstance is that the cathedral chapter at Orleans in 1116 appealed to a prognostic of this sort in a supplication addressed by them to Pope Alexander III. against their bishop. At his consecration, when the gospel was opened above his head, the finger of the dragon rested upon the words, "And he left the linen cloth and fled from them naked." This was a token that the bishop Elias was to be turned out of his see.

The practice of observing the book when opened over the head of a prelate at his consecration was very common. It was thus, at least a slight guide could be drawn as to what sort of a bishop he would prove.—Chambers' Journal.

England's First Railroad.

The traveling on the first railroad in England was not very comfortable undoubtedly. The coaches were at first only coupled with chains, as wagons are now, so that they jerked the unfortunate passengers nearly off their seats at starting and clashed violently against each other when the driver put on his brake. When fairly in motion, if the speed was any but the slowest, the very short wheel base produced a pitching action so trying that if the journey had not been a short one it would have seriously affected the popularity of the railway as a means of passenger transit.

Definition of Greatness.

"Don't you sometimes think you would be a greater man if you were to cultivate the art of oratory?"

"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "A great man, as you now, is one who gets mentioned in the schoolbooks after he is dead instead of the financial columns of the newspapers while he is living."—Washington Star.

Is No Danger.

Aunt June—Helen, I saw that young man kiss you last evening.

Helen—I don't think you need to complain, auntie. I don't think he would have given the kiss to you if you had been there instead of me.—Boston Transcript.

Dangerous.

"An' how's yer husband the day?" asked Mrs. Rafferty of Mrs. Mulloon.

"Sure, an' he's no better," replied Mrs. Mulloon. "The doctor's afraid mortality will set in."—Detroit Free Press.

Children under ten shouldn't know when there is a moon, and people over seventy shouldn't know except by the calendar.—Atchison Globe.

Subscribe for The MINER and get all the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer

$1.25 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

City Shaving Parlors,

ELWOOD GASKIN, Prop.

Shaving and Hair Dressing

—In the latest style of Art.—

None but first-class workmen employed.

Shining Chair.

Men Here's Your Chance to Get a Fine Suit or Overcoat for Very Little Money.

A prominent man of this town belittled the value of advertising—in a small town—"that it would not increase sales, even if goods were offered at less than cost price," in short, that you could not advertise gold Dollars, at 99c and find takers. We smiled contemptuously at this man's assertions and simply replied "come in during the next two weeks, and see the result of TRUTHFUL advertising, for we will begin this week

A TREMENDOUS REDUCTION SALE

and people who read and hear of this will come, investigate and buy." We are going to prove to our wise friend how little he knows of the RESULTS of advertising FACTS and FIGURES.

We will, and must clean up the balance of our fall Stock before the arrival of our Spring goods. Hence all our high-grade, well-tailored, perfect-fitting,

Men's, Boys' and Children's Overcoats and Suits

have been, in many cases,

REDUCED TO LESS THAN HALF

our former low selling price. This Sale will positively end on Saturday, the 30th day of January.

$1.50 for Child's Ovetcoats and Suits we sold at $2.00, $2.50 and $2.75; ages from 3 to 9

$2.50 for Boys' Overcoats and Suits we sold at $3.00, $3.50 and $3.75; guaranteed all wool; ages 3 to 15.

$3.25 for Boys' Overcoats and suits we sold at $4.00, $4.50 and $5.00. They are stylish and up-to-date, all wool.

$4.75 for Boys' Overcoats and Suits we sold from $5.50 up to $9.50. Better hurry they will not last long at that price. Ages 7 to 16.

$5.00 for Overcoats and suits we sold at $6.00, $6.50 and $7.00. Splendid goods for so little money.

$6.25 for any Overcoat or Suit in the house we sold at $7.50, $8.00 and $8.50. No such offering anywhere else, all sizes.

$7.50 for Overcoats and Suits we sold at $9.50, $10.00 and $10.50. Handsome all wool garments. Suitable for all-year-around wear.

$9.75 for any Overcoat or Suit in the house we sold up to $13.50. It is THE BARGAIN of all Bargains ever offered anywhere.

$12.50 for any Overcoat or Suit we sold at $15.00, $16.50 and $17.50. You could not distinguish them from Tailor-made goods at more than double the price we ask.

MEN'S STORM OVERCOATS OR ULSTERS.

$5.00 for the regular $7.50 grade; Black, Gray and Irish Frieze, 52 inches long, with large Storm Collars, &c., sizes 36 to 44.

$7.50 entitles you to pick out any Storm Coat up to $15.00, sizes 34 to 46. Have you ever been offered a bigger Bargain than this?

TRADING STAMPS WITH ALL PURCHASES.

WM. MONHEIMER, "THE FAMOUS," Central Block. SMETHPORT, PA.

WHERE JOURNEYS END

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure.

As the train came to a stop Howard Monroe glanced out of the window of the Pullman. "Twenty-four hours more," he murmured. "Well, it can't be helped. By George, that's a pretty girl! Nice old lady with her too. Hope they'll come in here."

Next moment his hopes were realized, as the two women entered the car, guided by an obsequious porter, who deposited a dress suit case and an umbrella in the section opposite. "Be here about ten minutes, ma'am," he said in answer to a question from the elder; "got to cut in some sleepers and a diner."

"Thank you. Better sit down, Aunt Bessie."

But the elder woman shook her head. "I do wish you had some one to go with you, Dorothy!" she exclaimed in tones Howard could not help overhearing. "I can't bear to have you go alone. Your uncle never would have let you if he hadn't been sick in bed. You're sure you don't mind?"

"I don't mind the least bit in the world, auntie. We bachelor girls have to learn to do for ourselves."

"Bachelor girls, indeed!" The elder lady sniffed, while Howard felt an unaccountable thrill of pleasure pass through him. "Old maids we used to call them. A girl's a girl, no matter what she says, and I don't like to see one traveling alone. It wasn't considered proper in my young days."

"I know," returned the girl softly. "But traveling has changed so since then, even down in this dear little out of the way corner of the south. Why, what could harm me?"

"Oh, nothing, I suppose, but I don't like it. You wouldn't even take a lunch with you," she added irrelevantly, her hospitable southern heart aggrieved. "It seems so inhospitable to send any one away without something to eat."

"You're awfully good, Aunt Bessie; but, indeed, it wasn't worth while. I'll get dinner and breakfast in the dining car and be in New York for lunch."

A sudden clanging made the elder woman start. "Gracious!" she exclaimed. "I'll be carried off! Goodby, Dorothy. Write as soon as you get to New York. I'll be anxious till I hear."

The two hurried to the platform, where the girl stood smiling and waving until the train was well under way. So well under way was it, indeed, that as she turned to enter the car a sudden lurch threw her violently to one side and made her grasp the rail to steady herself. As she did so her purse, hung to her belt by a chain, flew open and sent most of its contents at large through the yet unclosed doors of the vestibule.

Unaware of this, however, Miss Vernon walked to her seat, glancing around her just in time to see Howard watching her. Both were thinking of the good lady's anxious hospitality, and before they could recover themselves they had smiled squarely into one another's eyes.

With quickly stiffened lips Dorothy sank into her seat. As she did so her purse swung forward into her lap, exposing its emptiness to her startled gaze. With a gasp of dismay she seized and examined it. Her ticket was safe in an inner compartment, but every cent of her money was gone.

It did not take her long to decide on the moment of her loss nor the hopelessness of repairing it. Miss Vernon was a very independent young woman who on more than one occasion in the four years that had elapsed since she had begun to earn her own bread had seen her funds depleted nearly to the vanishing point, yet never before had she found herself entirely penniless. There was nothing to be done, however. To telegraph to Aunt Bessie for money would be to frighten that lady almost to death, and there was no one else on whom she felt at liberty to call. She must simply resolve to make the best of her journey, all twenty-four hours of it, without money.

Meanwhile Howard had been watching the girl out of the corner of his eye, admiring her more every moment. He had noted the look of vexation that froze the smile with which she had unintentionally favored him and had promptly averted his eyes, as if in hopes that the girl's wrath might glance off his broad shoulders. Thus, turned away, he had missed seeing her discovery of her open purse and her consequent consternation. When he had ventured to look again, she was staring straight ahead of her with what seemed to him a most inscrutable expression. In reality she was thinking of the luncheon she had refused and pondering the great truth that even a modern dining car is of little avail unless one had the price of a meal.

As the afternoon wore away Howard began to curse the conventionalities. Here he was within a few feet of this peerless girl, as he had already begun to term her, and yet to all practical purposes was miles and miles away. He had always been slow to scrape acquaintance, even with men, and, so far as he could remember, had never in his life done so with a woman. Unless Dorothy—he had heard her aunt call her Dorothy—should give him an opening he told himself sadly that he should never venture to address her.

After awhile a waiter passed through the car announcing dinner. Howard was hungry, but determined to wait until Dorothy should go in. The car might be crowded, and he might be compelled to sit with her at the same table, where he might hope that the chances of the meal might enable him to address her. But, wait as he might, Dorothy showed no signs of budging, and long after the last call for dinner had been circulated he was forced to go in alone.

While dining he wondered over the situation. The girl had eaten nothing since she came on board the train, nearly six hours before. She had no lunch with her, not even a box of candy. She was a solid, healthy girl, not by any means one of those fragile beauties who live on air, and should have had an appetite to correspond. What the dickens could be the matter?

The next morning was the same. Dorothy sat motionless, looking in the eyes of the by this time besotted youth loveller than ever. As a matter of fact, the lack of her morning coffee had given the girl a headache, while the lack of other food made her savage and miserable.

At last came a crisis. Just as the waiter passed through with his "Last call for breakfast in the dining car!" the train stopped, not at a station, but out in a field. After ten minutes had crept by without sign of movement, Howard, who had been waiting for breakfast as he had waited for dinner, went out to investigate. Soon he came back and went straight up to Dorothy with determination in his eyes. "I beg your pardon," he said, with a composure that astonished himself, "but we have been stopped by a wreck across the track and will be delayed at least six hours. They are going to cut off the diner and send it back as soon as breakfast is over. If you want anything to eat you had better get it now, before it is too late."

Six hours longer! The tears came into Dorothy's eyes, and her lids quivered pathetically. How could she bear it? "Thank you," she said as bravely as she could. "Thank you. But I'm not hungry."

Not hungry. Howard stared at her incredulously. To his certain knowledge she had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. Not hungry! The thing was preposterous. He glanced at her white cheeks, then with sudden suspicion at her pocketbook. "I haven't had breakfast myself yet," he said. "Won't you take pity on me and be my guest? I can't bear to eat alone."

For an instant the girl gazed at him, while a mist swam before her eyes. "Thank you so much," she said humbly. "I—I lost all my money overboard a few minutes after we started yesterday, and I'm nearly starved to death."

* * * * * * *

A year later Mr. and Mrs. Howard Monroe, in the newest of new clothes, were taking the same trip northward. Aunt Bessie had just left them, and they had settled themselves for the twenty-four hour trip before them.

Howard turned to his month old bride reflectively. "Just to think," he said softly, "if I hadn't spoken to you a year ago we shouldn't have been here today. I hesitated a long time before I ventured."

"A long time! I should think so." There was much emphasis in the words.

Howard appeared startled. "Too long, was it?" he asked. "If I hadn't spoken when I did what would you have done?"

"Done? Well," reflectively, "if you had delayed much longer I believe I should have asked you myself and hated you ever afterward!"

"Instead of—" He paused questioningly.

Dorothy looked at him smilingly. "Instead of"—she repeated roguishly—"instead of—suppose you guess!"

Choosing the Name.

"My dear, I have been reading up within the past week, and I think I have a name for the baby," said Mrs. Greening one day.

"You have, eh? What is it?"

"I read that Phœbus, the god of day, comes up bright and beautiful in the morning; that he lights the world; that without him"—

"Now, look here, madam; let's have no foolishness here. You can't call that child by any such name. Did Phœbus of history yell from 11 p. m. to 3 a. m. and intermittently from 3 to 7 o'clock? I myself am doing the god of day business in the matter of getting up, and I'm not going to divide the honors. If you want a mythological cognomen for that destroyer of rest I have it."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Greening, with considerable asperity.

"Aurora!" brutally yelled Elisha. Then he left the house.

P., S. & N. R. R. Clerical Orders.

Clerical orders for the year 1901 will be issued by the P., S. & N. R. R. as in former years to ordained clergymen having regular charges of churches located on or near the line of its road. Application blanks will be furnished by the ticket agents of the company and forwarded to the general passenger agent at St. Marys, Pa., as early as possible. No orders will be issued except on individual application of clergymen made on blanks furnished by the company and certified to by one of its agents.

C. J. EENWICK,
General Passenger Agent.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single o double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys

Gordon & Richmond.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & son.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 200 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 308-B.

Physicians.

Burt Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office over J. W. Voorhees' Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

BARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of John A. Nelson, late of Smethport borough, McKean county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Edward Larson, residing in said borough, county and state, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment at once, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

EDWARD LARSON,
Administrator.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 16, 1903.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.